SCIENCE

Saturday Review

JUNE 10, 1972 50¢

Roy Jenkins on America's Future as a World Power

The Bug Meets the Brain

WHO'S AFRAID OF VASECTOMY?

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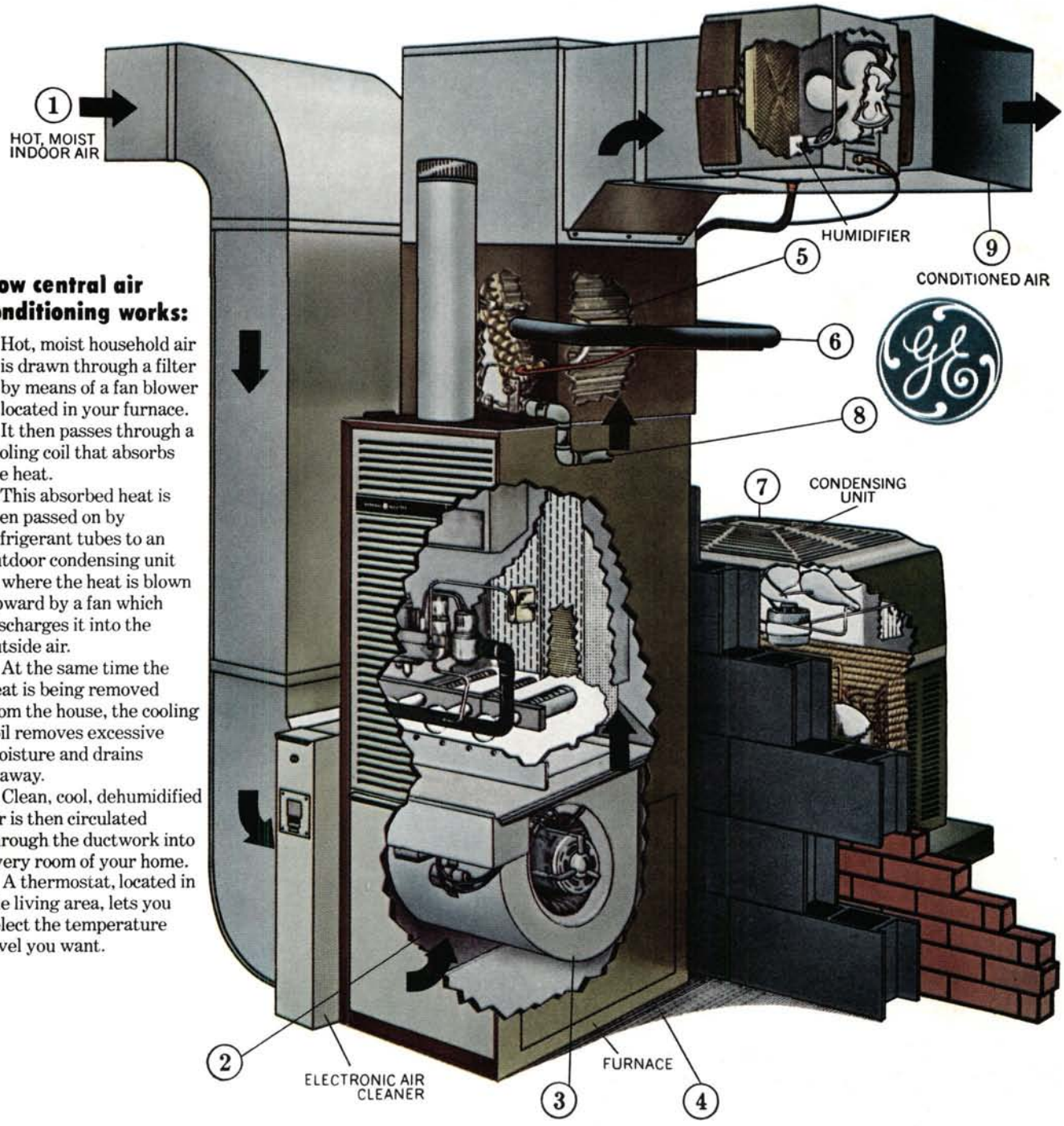
Once you understand how central air conditioning works,



How central air conditioning works:

1. Hot, moist household air
2. is drawn through a filter
3. by means of a fan blower
4. located in your furnace.
5. It then passes through a cooling coil that absorbs the heat.
6. This absorbed heat is then passed on by refrigerant tubes to an outdoor condensing unit
7. where the heat is blown upward by a fan which discharges it into the outside air.
8. At the same time the heat is being removed from the house, the cooling coil removes excessive moisture and drains it away.
9. Clean, cool, dehumidified air is then circulated through the ductwork into every room of your home.

A thermostat, located in the living area, lets you select the temperature level you want.

Central air conditioning is one of the best investments you can make for your family. In terms of comfort, well-being, and good living.

Properly applied and installed, a central air conditioning system will give you cool air distributed evenly throughout your entire home. With proper care, it will give you years of reliable service and comfort. It could increase the value and salability of your home.

The cost could be much lower than you might think. Particularly if you have a forced warm-air furnace to begin with. Because, for both heating and cooling, a fan and ductwork are required.

So if your house has an adequate forced warm-air furnace and ductwork, you're halfway there.

The purpose of these pages on central air conditioning is to help you make a wise investment.

We believe a careful reading will reward you well for years to come.

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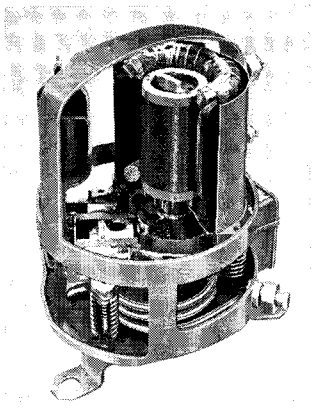
you'll understand why General Electric's works so well.

GE builds quality into its components.

From the preceding page, you know basically how central air conditioning works. Now if you'll consider our equipment, you'll learn about some of the quality we build in.

The GE Climatuff™ compressor has a remarkable record of reliability.

Every GE condensing unit has a GE Climatuff compressor, the heart of the whole system. This compressor has a remarkable record of reliability in over 500,000 installations. What makes it so good? It's designed for the job and manufactured with careful attention to quality. It has design features like a quick-acting thermal overload control to prevent motor burnout; a centrifugal oil pump for complete lubrication of all moving parts; internal spring mounts to cut vibration; and unique, super-strong motor insulation that resists refrigerant contamination and helps to withstand unusual voltage surges. All together, these features make a compressor that's the envy of the industry.



GE's efficient Spine Fin™ coils help prevent leaks.

Only GE central air conditioning units have Spine Fin condenser coils. The big advantage is that Spine Fin coils are permanently bonded to continuous copper or aluminum tubing. This eliminates over 90% of the brazed joints, the spots where leaks can occur to cause failures. On an equal weight basis, they're almost twice as effective as conventional plate fin coils. That's why GE needs only half the weight for heat transfer surfaces as competitive units.

Now for the condensing units.

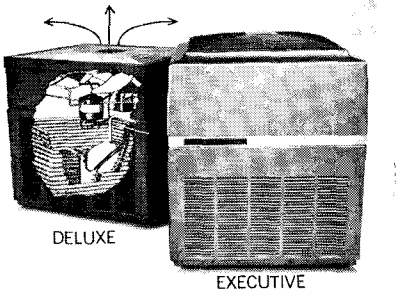
The Executive model can give you operating costs up to 15% lower than other compressor models of the same capacity. This is our top-of-the-line model, with an automatic two-speed fan so that it loafs along quietly on moderate days, but has plenty of reserve power to shift automatically into high air-flow on a scorcher to keep you cool and comfortable.

The Executive comes to you with a five-year Protection Plan at no extra cost. During the first year, under normal usage, there is no charge for parts or labor (except for filters, exterior panels or grilles). During the last four years, a labor charge only for replacement or repair of covered parts. Parts and labor for repair to the compressor or leaks in the sealed system are covered for the entire five-year period.

We also have a Deluxe model that offers you matched component reliability. It features a classic appearance and a manually operated two-speed fan.

Our Deluxe model carries a one-year parts only warranty plus an additional four-year parts only warranty for the motor compressor. (Labor, diagnostic calls and local delivery of parts not included.)

Top air discharge is better. It means that hot air is directed upward; not sideways at the bushes. The noise is directed upward and not toward your neighbor's house. GE top discharge brings in air from four sides at low velocity which helps to prevent clogging of condenser surfaces with leaves, grass clippings, etc.



GE's National Service Contract.

We make available a National Service Contract directly to the purchaser of a Deluxe unit at an attractive low price ($109.00 plus local or state taxes on a 36,000 BTU/H cooling system). It covers service, both parts and labor, required as a result of normal usage from the second through fifth year from date the equipment is installed. Service is performed by an authorized GE Central Air Conditioning servicer of your choice. (Be sure to read the contract for details of coverage and exceptions, such as normal maintenance and filter replacements.)

Now are you ready for total cooling comfort?

Your GE Central Air Conditioning dealer will determine the cooling comfort system that's right for your home and pocketbook. He's well qualified to figure your requirements, to install properly and to provide complete service.

You'll find your dealer's name in the Yellow Pages under "Air Conditioning Equipment and Systems." And if you'd like more information, please clip out the coupon and send it to us.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

SR-672

General Electric Company
Appliance Park, AP4-206A
Louisville, Kentucky 40225

Please send me more information on central air conditioning and the GE cooling products.

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Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

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Saturday Review of Science

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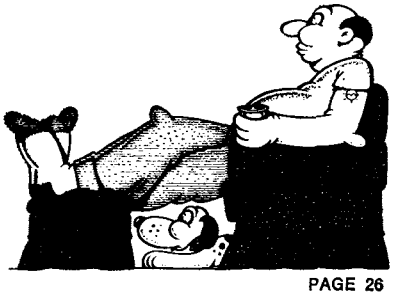

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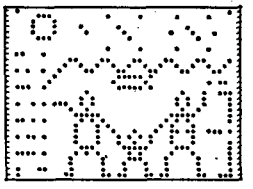

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Blend red pigment into a colloidal solution of methyl cellulose and you have synthetic blood, one of the major products of the video violence industry.

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By John J. Teal, Jr.
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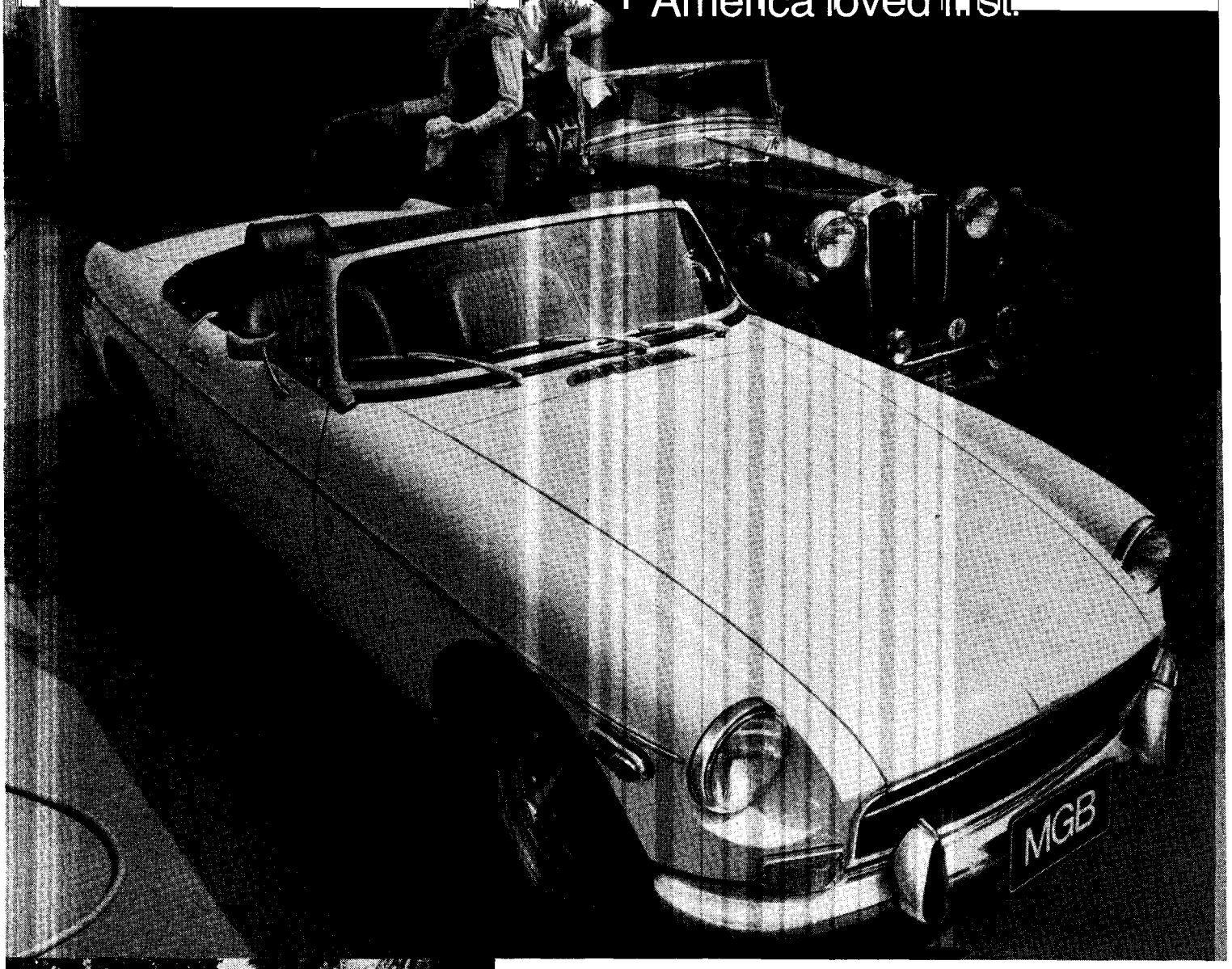
MG the sports car America loved first.



Right-hand drive, sweeping fenders, folding windscreen, cut-down doors and 19-inch wire wheels.

Room enough for two. And fun enough to breed a generation of sports car enthusiasts.

That was the MG-TC. Behind its wheel, thousands of Americans first discovered the joy of downshifting through a curve and the quickness of sports car handling.

Today that car has evolved to the MGB. Still pure sports car. Still most at home on twisting ribbons of almost forgotten scenic route where cars go to be driven, not scorched off the line in a brute display of acceleration.

As *Motor Trend* reported in October, '71—

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Yet today's MGB is equally at home on six-lane expressway. With direct rack-and-pinion steering, 10.5-inch front disc brakes, race-seasoned suspension, 4-speed close-ratio gearbox and a high performance 1798 c.c. overhead valve engine—all the world is its road.

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What about you? Do you want to discover or re-discover the sheer joy of sports motoring?

If so, scour the want ads for a vintage MG-TC. Or see an MGB at your MG dealer.

For his name and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-1972. In New Jersey, dial (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N.J. 07605

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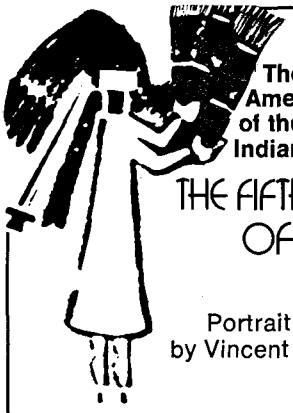

The Americanization of the American Indian

THE FIFTH WORLD OF FORSTER BENNETT

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VIKING

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Letters

Trauma

Re: Arthur Freese's "Trauma: The Neglected Epidemic" [*SR*, May 13]. We allow Detroit to manufacture autos appealing chiefly to our ego needs. Next we wonder how to implement better methods of patching our battered bodies. If the American automobile industry would devote more money to safety engineering and less to design, autos would then only slowly choke us to death. Mr. Freese's approach to problem solving is all too typically American. For us the cause is elusive; we're too busy dealing with effects.

Brenda J. Bailey
San Francisco, Calif.

Arthur Freese did a fine job detailing the dimensions of the emergency medical service problem in the United States. And *Saturday Review* performed a service for all of us by helping to create greater public awareness of this critical gap in the medical-service delivery system.

However, there is one matter—an important one—that was omitted. Mr. Freese refers to Emergency Medical Technicians-Ambulance, without referring to the Registry of Emergency Medical Technicians-Ambulance. The registry grew out of a meeting of the American Medical Association's Commission on Emergency Medical Services in January of 1970. Funds provided by the Ambulance Association of America, the American Medical Association, and Employers Insurance of Wausau were used to launch it.

The registry has now emerged as the national standard setter and bearer for the upgrading of ambulance attendants. Starting last October, doctors throughout the nation began administering the registry's two-part test (written and practical) of proficiency. Those who pass both parts will have proved themselves equal to the ambulance attendant standards recommended by the American College of Surgeons. This is a mighty step toward elimination of the chaos and ineptitude that Mr. Freese describes.

For those who would like to encourage ambulance attendants in their communities to become registered, the address is:

Registry of EMT-A
P.O. Box 29233
1395 East Granville Road
Columbus, Ohio 43229

Roger D. Drayna
Wausau, Wis.

APEX

Sally Lindsay's reaction to the APEX game [*SR*, May 13] comes close to home. Having been through sixteen sessions and four different roles at USC's Air Pollution Control Institute—where, incidentally, all of the participants were playing their roles as caricatures—I had the same initial reaction. To quote Ms. Lindsay: "APEX for me was never more than an interesting and complex happening."

At least, initially. Then it began to dawn upon me that I was experiencing a new and immensely exciting learning opportunity. What we took away from that experience could never be duplicated in any classroom lecture or workshop. The APEX technique can be applied to just about any group situation, giving us an opportunity to learn more about how we behave as groups than anything I have ever experienced. The participants can learn about group dynamics and their own effectiveness and what to expect in given situations. Observers of the group can learn undreamed-of things about the possibilities and limitations of group activity. Imagine what can happen when the APEX format is used as a tool to explore and develop group organization.

Donald A. Justice
Encino, Calif.

Drugs Without Profit

Re: Peter F. Drucker's editorial "How to Take the Profit Out of Hard Drugs" [*SR*, May 13]. The coming legalization of drugs may be a great forward step out of what has been a quagmire of persecution, deceit, and abuse of people by people. It is gratifying to see the action being taken in this direction on all levels: from the legal and medical handling of the addict, through the shift of law-enforcement interest, to current legislative concern. The removal of criminal sanctions that don't work leads to more opportunity to understand and deal with problems effectively and merits our vigorous support.

However, the belief that legalizing hard drugs would have much effect on criminal activity per se is a recurrent wish based on long years of antidrug propaganda. The addict is the least sophisticated, most easily caught, lowest-caste criminal in our midst. The national disgrace, to my mind, is the minuscule number of felons convicted regardless of the crime they commit, and the growing knowledge that violence against others goes unpunished.

Alan G. Miller, M.D.
Rockville, Md.

I read with interest Mr. Peter F. Drucker's insightful and pragmatic editorial on hard drugs. As he has stated, making opiates legally available to addicts would greatly mitigate the pernicious effects of drug addiction upon society and upon the addicts themselves.

Critics of the idea will be quick to point out that the "British System" has utilized the principle cited by Mr. Drucker with limited and diminishing success. The problems encountered in Great Britain are more directly attributable to the mechanics of implementation than to the value of the principle.

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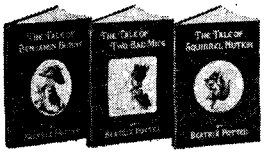

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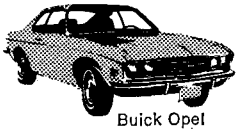

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The Car Rental Service of Transamerica Corporation

One of the problems with the British System is that the drugs are prescribed by a physician and dispensed by a pharmacist. Addicts make every effort to convince their physicians that their drug needs are higher than they actually are so that they can sell the surplus drugs on the black market. Physicians, on the other hand, make every effort to prevent such overprescribing, which leads many addicts to buy drugs on the black market.

Perhaps a more workable plan would involve dispensing drugs through hospitals. After an addict has been certified by his physician, he could obtain his drug directly from a hospital in any quantity he desired as long as he consumed the drug at the hospital. In this way, the addict could be sure of having sufficient dosages to meet his ever increasing tolerance to the drug and, at the same time, never have in his possession any drugs with which he could recruit new addicts. Using hospitals as dispensaries is practical because they are open twenty-four hours a day, are readily available in urban areas where most addicts are found, and have facilities for recognizing and treating drug-related medical problems.

Gary A. Botos
Mishawaka, Ind.

I.Q.

Carolyn Bennett Brown [Letters to the Editor, May 13] argues for a "better understanding of the nature of intelligence," and that may, in fact, be a final result of the controversy generated by Jensen, although it is hard to see that that is what is now being achieved. Those who agree with Jensen have already made their decisions and have not demonstrated an interest in examining conflicting evidence —certainly not the work of social scientists that demonstrates the powerful interrelationship of culture and what I.Q. tests call "intelligence." (Just what this "intelligence" is that Jensen has measured is another issue to pursue.)

Mr. Cottle implied, in "The Edge of the I.Q. Storm" [*SR*, April 15], that belief in one's genetic incapability is so crippling as to be the most powerfully effective kind of self-fulfilling prophecy. Any social scientist (or even anyone who has taken Anthropology IA) knows that human beings have been as diverse in nature as the societies that produced them. The definitions of self that are given back to people by their societies (especially young people, and especially young people yet casting about for a secure identity) are irresistible in force. In the article, Hindi

Double-Crostic Double Cross

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English colonial official; principal benefactor of the Collegiate School at Saybrook, Connecticut (last name)	Y A L E 7 24 5 15
B. A kiln for drying hops	O A S T 18 4 37 31
C. The constellation Monoceros	U N I C O R N 12 26 21 33 40 3 25
D. A word used in communications to represent the letter G	G O L F 41 39 34 23
E. Region; province	O B L A S T 27 29 9 32 19 38
F. Bay window	O R I E L 28 42 36 35 14
G. The lowest part of a hill	F O O T 1 11 2 45
H. The ectoplasm of a protozoan	E C T O S A R C 43 22 20 6 30 44 17 16
I. European flatfish	D A B 10 8 13

1 G F	2 G O	3 G R		4 B A		5 A L	6 H O	7 A Y	8 I A	9 E L		10 I D	11 G O	12 G U	13 I B	14 F L	15 A E
16 H C	17 H R	18 E O	19 E S	20 H T	21 C I	22 H C		23 D F	24 A A	25 G N		26 C N	27 E O				
28 F O	29 E B	30 H S	31 B T	32 E A	33 C C	34 D L	35 F E		36 F I	37 B S		38 E T	39 D O	40 C O			
41 D G	42 F R	43 H E	44 H A	45 G T	!												

Joan M. Sieber
Washington, D.C.

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knows her own tentative faith in herself cannot withstand the onslaught of "scientific truth." (Paradoxically, it is the most intelligent of those from "deteriorating gene pools" who are most harmed: They cannot accept the claims of science to be finders of truth, since they have chosen education as the way up. They are of greater sensitivity, carrying the weight of their origins as an extra handicap, and therefore readiest to doubt themselves. Hindi takes personally the supposition that Appalachia will be found genetically inferior, and she feels that *she* will be branded as inferior. She's probably right. Americans love trademarks and labels, on people as well as on canned goods.)

Jensen's studies are valuable, but not in the way Shockley thinks. They will undoubtedly call forth an avalanche of refutation from social scientists, and in the process we all may learn a good deal more about ourselves and about the real nature of "intelligence."

Claire Berke
Allegany, N.Y.

Pete Seeger

Thank you so much for "Strummin' Banjo in North Vietnam" by Pete Seeger [*SR*, May 13]. I was both surprised and delighted to find such an article. I have long admired Pete Seeger's humanitarian philosophy and his attempt to live it. It is so like Pete to visit an "enemy" land and find its people—well, just people. It is unusual to see these views in print in anything but the underground press.

Through such articles written by such men as Pete, perhaps someday we can come to realize the world he sings about.

Charlotte A. Libov
Storrs, Conn.

After reading Pete Seeger's article I contrasted the pretty picture painted with the situation in the major cities of South Vietnam. The laughter, the handshakes, the fondling, the kissing, the embraces, and the clean streets are absent. These elements would not be present in the North either if North Vietnam had been subject to the assassinations, the massive displacement of refugees, the rocket attacks, and the subversion that North Vietnam's invasions of the South have wrought. If the North Vietnamese would withdraw their troops, perhaps the South Vietnamese might enjoy a bit of the good life described by Mr. Seeger.

William E. Peters
Austin, Tex.

Fiction Without Women

Re: Carolyn Heilbrun's article "The Masculine Wilderness of the American Novel" [*SR*, Jan. 29]. I thought your readers would like to know that almost forty years ago I said pretty much the same thing in *American Mercury*. My article, "A Fiction Without Women," appeared in *American Mercury* for November 1934.

Professor Charles Angoff
Fairleigh Dickinson University
Rutherford, N.J.

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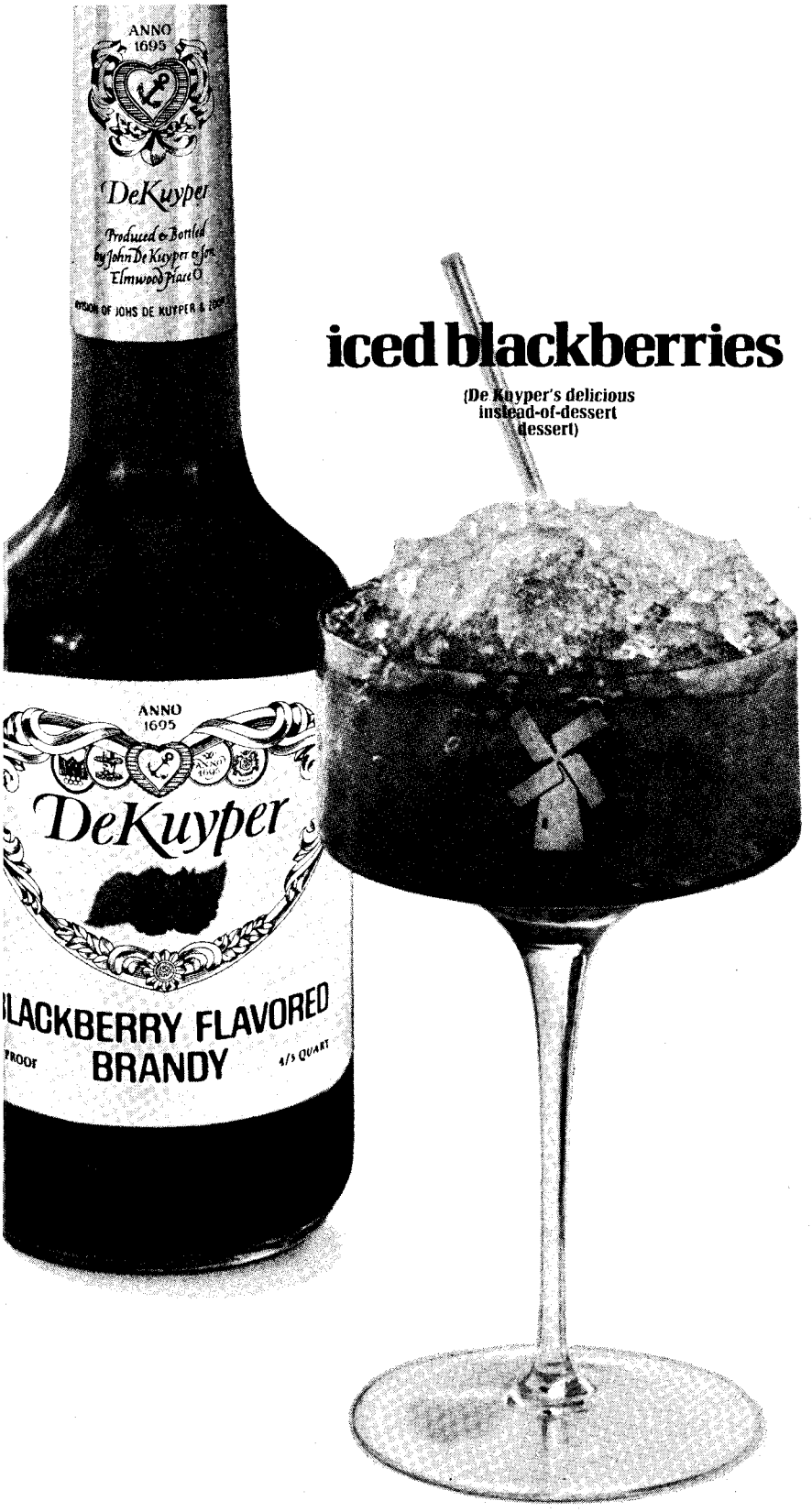

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Editorial

A Lesser Role for Uncle Sam, but Still a Vital One

The author of the following editorial was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Harold Wilson's Labour government in Great Britain until 1969. He recently resigned as deputy leader of the Labour party over the issue of Britain's entry into the European Common Market, which he strongly supports. The editorial is an excerpt from the concluding chapter of his forthcoming book, Afternoon on the Potomac? A British View of America's Changing Position in the World, *to be published later this month by Yale University Press.*

In the span of twenty-five years, slightly paraphrasing Dean Acheson's famous and astringent remark, Britain lost—or rather withdrew from—an empire and was slow to find an alternative role. Over five years the United States lost—or rather failed to win—a war and suffered terrible divisions at home partly as a consequence. Both experiences have been somewhat destructive of national self-confidence.

In addition the United States has abruptly come up against the limitations of its financial and economic power, an experience to which we in Britain have adjusted rather effectively since 1945. Much of America's longer-term political and military problems are vividly illustrated by its current monetary and trading problems—they are, of course, in a sense the reverse side of the same coin. Hitherto the monetary role was one of clear leadership. It was not a question of being *primus inter pares*. It was much more comparable to a sun with its satellites, or a father—and one in a stronger patriarchal tradition than prevails today—with his children. It was a benevolently run family, but it was one in which all the main responsibilities rested upon the father. Of course, if one of the children got into financial trouble, he was expected to improve his performance for the future. If it was one of the junior children, the instructions for improvement could be given, perhaps using the maternal influence of the International Monetary Fund, in a fairly blunt form. If it was one of the senior ones, it was done, again partly through the same agency, more gently. "Reasoning together" was the accepted approach. But in either case, until the hoped-for improvement could take place, it was the father of the family—the United States—who provided most of the resources to get over the difficulties. Quite often this had to be done time and time again. It was nearly always done with exemplary patience, generosity, and even affection. Occasionally there was a little growling resentment at an apparent lack of gratitude, a feeling that those who sometimes took loans from the family purse ought to show a more uncritical respect for the judgment and scale of values of the head of the family. But in general the father exercised his responsibility and family leadership in an admirable and exemplary way.

At the same time it should not be pretended that there is not considerable self-satisfaction to be derived from the performance of such a role. It gives a secure feeling of position, of influence, of being needed. If suddenly that position disappears—because the resources of the head of the family have become severely strained, because some of the children, in relation to their accustomed standard of living at least, have actually become richer than the head, because a whole new pattern of relationships has to be worked out—this imposes a much greater strain than a continuance of the old, established, accustomed pattern. There is then a strong tendency for the patriarch to say, when he finds that circumstances have displaced him: "I did my best. It was a pretty good best. I did it for a long time. Now, apparently, I am no longer needed in the same way. I will retire. I will look after myself. If I cannot have the satisfaction of benevolently running the whole show, I will seek the contrary satisfaction of being a selfish old man." If the change were such that the former leader had become an old and unimportant figure, ready for the retirement home and nothing else, then such a switch of attitude would not matter much beyond the sad fact that his recipe for self-concern would almost certainly condemn him to a miserable and cantankerous old age.

But this would be a wild caricature of what has happened to the United States in the monetary sphere. It has not become unimportant. It is merely in the awkward process of moving from being the qualitatively different pivot of the whole to being *primus inter pares*. But, however the process of adjustment is carried through, the United States will, for a substantial time at least, remain *primus*. Its capacity to do harm, as well as good, both to itself and others, will remain immense. Its every move will still have a greater effect on the prosperity and trading health of the whole world than those of any other three countries put together. Decisions about such moves must be taken from a position just a little less eminent than the previous one, but in the knowledge that the consequences for good or evil are still vast.

There is a view whose proponents would say that the longer-sighted, outward-looking, internationally responsible approach was in general valid but must be greatly modified at the present time by the pressing need of the United States to deal with its own internal problems: to improve the cities and to heal the divisions, both racial and economic, that disfigure the country. The back yard, it can be argued, now demands priority over the world outside. Some force can be allowed to the argument. No one would deny the urgency of these problems. Nor can it be disputed that America's image has been tarnished and its capacity for leadership impaired by the hardening of divisions at home and by the violence that divisions have in part caused.

Yet I find the conclusion unconvincing, and I find it so for this reason. It is precisely the individuals, the groups, the institutions that are most concerned about America's responsibilities abroad that are also most concerned about its internal problems. And it is also those who most advocate a selfish attitude abroad who are most selfish at home. The view that every country is an island goes, in the great majority of cases, with the view that every man, too, is an island. If a movement of opinion is created, for example, by which great sums are saved on development aid, I do not see that movement of opinion insisting that those great sums be switched to the rescuing of urban ghettos. I think it is far more likely that those sums will find their way into already well-lined private pockets. The world should not and will

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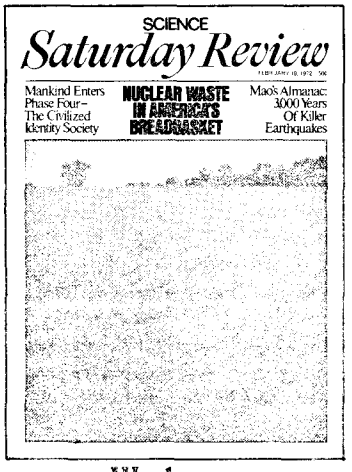
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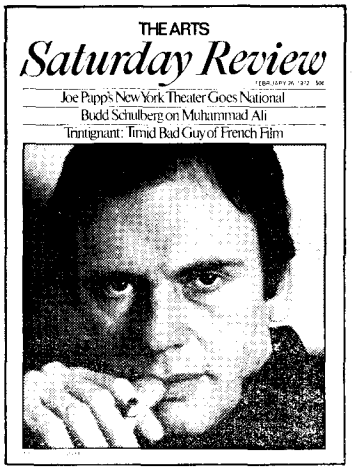
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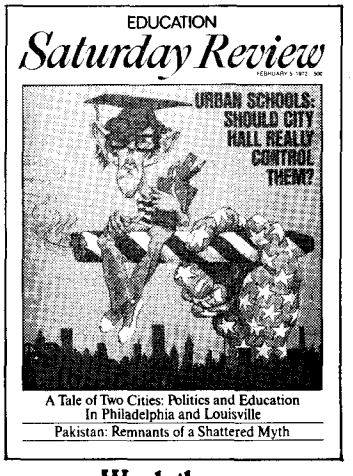
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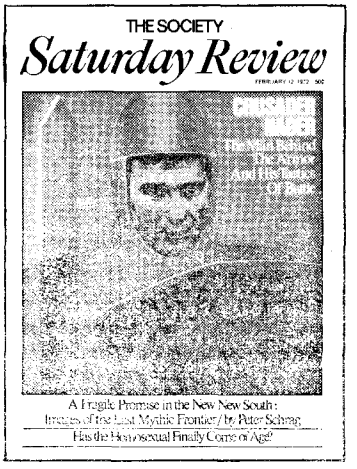

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not be impatient because Americans are concerned about their daunting domestic problems. But the solution to them will go with a generous, outward-looking community approach that cannot easily stop short at the Statue of Liberty and the Golden Gate Bridge.

Recent economic developments are sharply illustrative of the general problem of American adjustment to the world of the Seventies and Eighties, which will be still more significantly different from that of the Fifties and Sixties than those two decades were from each other. The political and military balance is not changing in such a clear-cut way as is the monetary balance. There is no political Bretton Woods system that has run its span and now has to be refurbished. There is no exact military equivalent to the anchor role of the dollar that can no longer be sustained. Yet the parallels are real even if not precise.

The world of well-defined confrontation—with America leading the West almost as clearly as the Soviet Union led the Eastern bloc, with no other major powers in the picture, with the Third World an amorphous, though vociferous, group—is clearly breaking into a new pattern. Within NATO, the continued existence of which will in my view be necessary for a considerable time to come, the balance has changed somewhat. I believe it will change further, partly as a result of the accession of Britain and the other candidate members to the European Economic Community. There will be a greater approach to equality on both sides of the Atlantic, an approach that will be as much in America's interest as in that of the European partners. The nuclear capacity will remain overwhelmingly American, and as a result so will the responsibility for nuclear limitation negotiations with the Soviet Union. But the balance of other forces within the alliance has tilted and will continue to tilt in a European direction. So, perhaps more significantly, will the opportunity for seeking reductions of tension and the loosening of blocs in Central Europe. A German initiative on the scale of Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* would hardly have been conceivable ten years ago. The possibility of such developments, on a wider scale, will be enhanced if the enlarged European community can develop more of a political identity. And one may hope that it will be matched by some considerable loosening of Soviet control over the Eastern European countries. In any event, the emergence of China, with its public abandonment of any attempt at a special relationship with the Soviet Union, clearly destroys a bipolar view of the world. In addition, the increasingly unanchored position of Japan and its rapidly growing economic power further break up the pattern by which every rich and developed non-Communist country was neatly tucked up in the Western Alliance.

Elsewhere in the world there are further and growing limitations to what can be done from Washington. Just as I have long regarded it as a clear lesson of history that the British political genius, great though this may be in certain fields, does not extend to a peculiar talent for settling the affairs of Ireland, so I think it should now be accepted that the same lesson applies to the ability of the United States to settle the affairs of Southeast Asia. The United States at least has the advantage that Vietnam is in no way part of its metropolitan homeland, as is Northern Ireland of ours. Slowly, perhaps, the United States can disengage itself from its mistakes. Nor does either of us, Britain with the legacy of its imperial connections, the United States with its aid sanctions and other forms of leverage, seem to have much influence on the Indian subcontinent. I think this should be recognized by standing back a little, using our good offices through the United Nations certainly, but not considering ourselves too much as headmasters who always have to be handing out certificates for good behavior.

The general picture in the political field is therefore again one in which the United States must inevitably play a somewhat less dominant role than in the past generation. Yet here again, as in the monetary field, it is vital that the changed needs of an evolving world are not equated with rejection of America's role. The American tent will in the future not be quite so gloriously and uniquely sited on the very top of the highest hill, nor gleaming quite so conspicuously as before with all the insignia of the supreme and universally recognized commander-in-chief. But it will still have a very prominent and vital position in the future for large parts of the world. The act of statesmanship now required is to resist any temptation to use the inevitably slightly lowered position of the tent as an excuse for skulking within it. The contribution still to be made by the United States is immense. Some thirty years after Pearl Harbor, looking back on this period of benevolent dominance, I believe that the tests of American self-confidence will be still greater, although perhaps less obvious, in the future. But they are by no means insurmountable tests. I hope that after another thirty years the world will on balance have at least the good cause for gratitude and the American people for solid but not complacent satisfaction that they have in the context of today's retrospect.

Roy Jenkins

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SR UP FRONT

JUNE 10, 1972

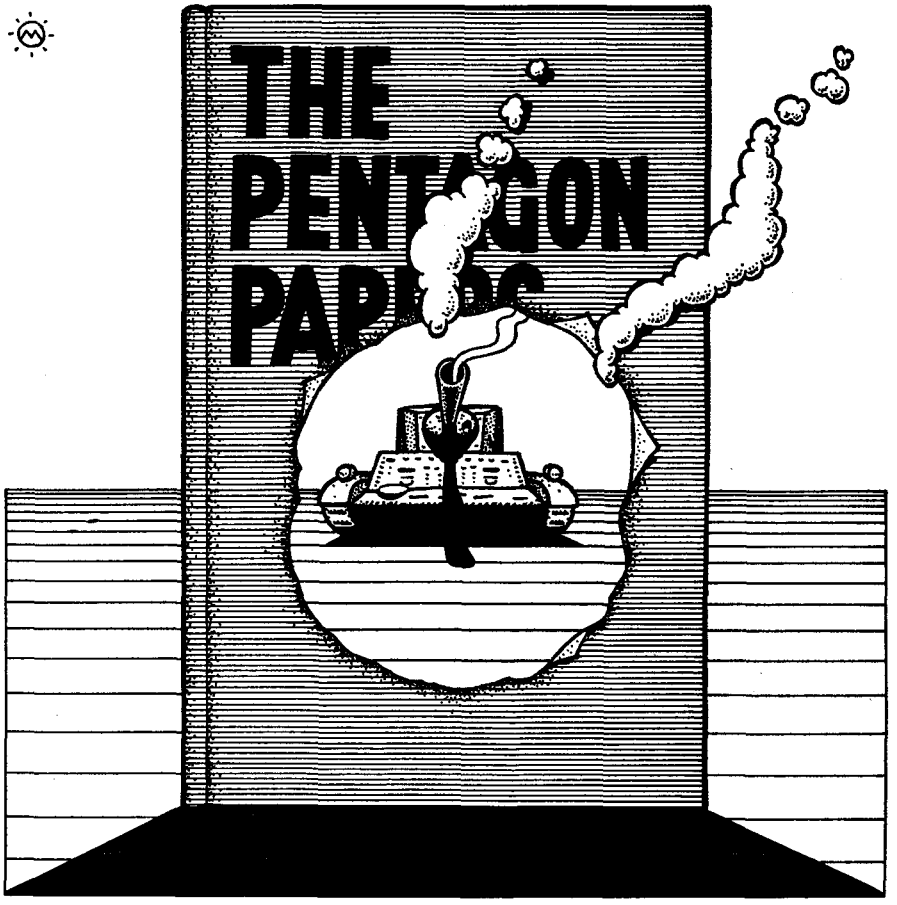
Did The Pentagon Papers Make Any Difference?

BY HANS KONING

BOSTON, Mass.—When Daniel Ellsberg liberated the Pentagon Papers from the top-secret limbo to which Robert McNamara had consigned them, Ellsberg thought that his act would put a stop to the war in Vietnam. (At least this was the feeling he conveyed to friends at the time.) Senator Mike Gravel, who subsequently entered the Pentagon Papers into his subcommittee record, entertained a similar hope. "Had the true facts been made known earlier," Senator Gravel wrote in his introduction to the Beacon Press edition of the papers, "the war would long ago have ended. . . ." Both men, apparently, were convinced that an informed American public would and could swiftly compel the government to conclude a war that the electorate had been deceived into thinking of as just.

A year has passed since the Pentagon Papers were published. Their release has not only not brought the Indochina War to a halt, it has not even caused the administration to alter the manner in which it presents that war to the public. Moreover, far from having been put on the defensive (conceivably, congressional committees or other concerned groups could have brought perjury or conspiracy charges against past and present functionaries and generals), the administration is vigorously investigating and grand-jurying everyone who had any connection, however remote, with letting the American people in on the truth.

Just what difference did publication of the Pentagon Papers make? I talked about this with six people, all of whom are deeply involved in the Pentagon Papers story and in the larger history of the Indochina War. The six are: Daniel Ellsberg, who has been indicted by a federal grand jury in Los Angeles for criminal violations of federal law involving the illegal acquisition, dissemination and disposition of government documents, and who is scheduled to stand trial in federal court in Los Angeles on June 20; Neil Sheehan, the *New York Times* reporter who obtained the papers from Ellsberg and headed the team that wrote the *Times*'s series; Noam Chomsky, the MIT professor of linguistics and a leading authority on the Indochina War who has been subpoenaed to appear before a federal grand jury in Boston; Arnold Tovell, editor-in-chief of Beacon Press, and Robert West, president of the Unitarian Universalist Association, which owns Beacon; and Howard Zinn, a Boston University history professor who, together with Chomsky, is working on a book about the Pentagon Papers.



Besides arousing "more suspicion of government, more awareness in the media that we . . . are being used by the government," what have the papers done?

Daniel Ellsberg (on the phone from Southern California): No, I didn't really think the Pentagon Papers would end the war. Obviously, though, I hoped their

*Hans Koning is the pen name Hans Koningsberger has adopted.

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publication would make a big difference.

I: We all keep making that mistake. I've been involved in pathetic, minor demonstrations, and after each one I've returned home thinking, "This will do it."

Ellsberg (It's late at night, he has a sore throat, we are both very tired, and he hasn't quite followed the drift of my thought): Well, no, I didn't think it was a minor thing. I'm not saying that.

I: Could you just sum up for me what your reactions are now?

Ellsberg: I now find myself mainly thinking about Congress. They, in effect, collaborated in keeping the secret. And they haven't learned anything yet. Watch them and you'll admire their firm and unshakable determination not to know anything that the Executive doesn't want them to know.

Neil Sheehan (on the phone from *The New York Times* Washington bureau): No, I'm not disappointed in the results. The publication is having its long-term effect. It requires great mental effort to absorb the Pentagon Papers. Historians are working on that. It is a slow germination. Then, too, there's more suspicion of government, more awareness in the media that we were and are being used by the government. Those are crucial changes in our attitude, crucial because the Executive has become too powerful and the Constitution is out of balance.

I: Would you say that at least one reason the Executive went into its tantrum to stop publication was that it feared that the papers would paralyze their war making?

Sheehan: No. I wouldn't say that. I would say they were reacting to the flouting of what they felt was their authority and privilege.

I: About the facts in the papers. How does [Secretary of Defense Melvin R.] Laird have the *nerve* to go on talking about Hanoi breaking the Geneva agreements or President Nixon to talk about "invasion" and "international outlaws"? [According to the papers—i.e., according to official government sources—the U.S. government repeatedly broke the Geneva agreements after they had been reached in August 1954; in fact, while they were being negotiated, it was already talking about "the enemy" and smuggling in military personnel. Moreover, again according to these impeccably official sources, the United States, in collaboration with Ngo Dinh Diem, torpedoed the reunification elections called for by the Geneva agreements "to prevent a Communist election victory."]

Sheehan: As far as I know, no one in this administration ever read the Pentagon Papers. Some months after publication, a high official said to me, "I'm not interested in reading them."

I: A State Department official?

Sheehan (with a chuckle): State Department? No, a *high* official. He felt that commissioning the study had been a sign of weakness in McNamara—it implied that he had his doubts. One should simply execute policy, this official said.

I: But the origin of the war. . . .

Sheehan: These people aren't interested in the history of the war. John McAlister, the historian, got access to the French archives. No one wanted to see them or have them translated. They say, "We're not the French." And "We're doing things different."

I: But the facts about the way the war started. . . .

Sheehan: Statesmen don't accept facts.

I: Well, then, what about *The New York Times* itself?

Sheehan: What about it?

I: How can it go on reporting this war as if the papers had never been published? I mean, despite the fact that the *Times* won a Pulitzer Prize for publishing the papers, it continues to depict a war between one attacking country, North Vietnam, and one defending country, South Vietnam. [According to the papers, the United States acknowledged within its own councils that the rebellion started in the south, that it enjoyed popular support there, and that "South Vietnam" was a made-in-America term for one-half of one country.] Fox Butterfield, who was among the men who worked on the papers with you, still writes that way.

Sheehan: Not every story about this war can be related to its origin. A news story is just a piece of a whole story. The strength and weakness of daily journalism is its specificness. A journalist cannot turn himself into a propagandist.

I: But that's just what the journalist is now! Except that he's a propagandist for a government line that was exposed as, let's say, a fantasy.

There is a silence on the line as Sheehan ponders these words or, perhaps, drinks coffee or lights a cigarette.

Sheehan: No doubt an American journalist, like all other journalists, uses terms that reflect his social background. Media change very slowly. Attitudes change very slowly. To me what is of first importance is how the Pentagon Papers help us to keep our freedom to publish and our right to know. That's a struggle, because those aren't static rights.

I: Meanwhile, back in Vietnam. . . .

Sheehan: The Vietnamese are warriors. They have to do it themselves, and they will. They defeated the Mongols. The spirit of man is stronger than all machines.

My conversation with Noam Chomsky takes place in the second-floor study of his house in Lexington, Massachusetts. The floor is stacked high with books and papers—everything ever written on Indochina.

Chomsky: Yes, we have lost the war of words. The media will not budge. The line is and it will continue to be: North Vietnam, or the foe, against South Vietnam. The Pentagon Papers changed nothing. There's a bit more substance to fringe-liberal discussions, and that's all. At one early point the administration must have thought that there'd be an upheaval in response to the publication of the papers. Thus the injunctions [issued against the *Times* and *The Washington Post*] and phenomena such as a quote revelation unquote by Arthur Dommen on July 1, 1971, just after the papers appeared. Dommen [then Saigon correspondent for the Los Angeles *Times* and well known for his sympathy for official policy] wrote about a secret 1963 Hanoi document in which the North Vietnamese supposedly offered their army to the NLF in the south. The idea was to show that Hanoi had intervened first, since the Pentagon Papers had shown that clandestine U.S. operations were being staged in North Vietnam in February 1964. I have that document.

Chomsky eyes the piles of books and papers, fixes on one, and fishes out the document in question. He reads it to me. It speaks about "our brothers in the south who need self-reliance"; there is no mention of Hanoi's sending in an army from the north to help out.

Chomsky: Washington is no longer worried about this sort of thing. When they push Ellsberg and Beacon Press and others around [Beacon has been subpoenaed to produce copies of all checks written by the Unitarian Universalist Association, as well as copies of every check contributed to the denomination between June 1 and October 15—an unprecedented demand upon a religious organization], they're simply trying to make certain that there'll be no future Pentagon Papers. But what depresses me most about the papers is something else. It's the absence of *any* moral discussion. For instance, the bombing of the south is never questioned, presumably because it "doesn't cost anything"—politically, that is. Life and death do not enter these pages. Nowhere. And now listen to this: I took the twelve-volume Department of Defense edition of the papers out of the MIT library in January. Every two weeks I have to renew that loan. And no one else's reservation slip has ever been waiting. Not one of the political scientists at MIT has asked to see these books so far. For five months I've had them all to myself.

I (to myself on my way to meet Tovell and West in Boston): And we used to sneer at the Germans' excuse when they were asked about Nazi war crimes. We

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didn't know such things were going on, they said.

In the conference room of the Unitarian Universalist Association building on Beacon Street in downtown Boston, a portrait of abolitionist William Channing frowns down on Arnold Tovell, Robert West, and me. Windows look out onto a wide view over the Boston Common. A sound truck drives up the street; a voice muffled by distance calls citizens to an antiwar rally.

West: Since we brought out the papers I've traveled all over this country. Support for what we did is solid in our [Unitarian and Universalist] congregations. It was in October—four months after the papers had become public when Senator Gravel read them into his subcommittee record and distributed all 7,000 pages to the press—that we published our edition. Yet the FBI created an aura of wrongdoing and criminality around us in the public mind. Recently, for example, six people applied for a post of secretary here in response to a *Globe* advertisement that just gave our telephone number. Five of the six bowed out when they heard it was for the UUA. They said they didn't want anything to do with our organization. And this in a liberal, intellectual community like Boston.

Tovell (after handing me a Pentagon Papers information kit that explains why Beacon published the Gravel edition and why the UUA is resisting the government's investigation): The Pentagon Papers haven't affected the war. The public doesn't read them. Our congregations have donated sets to libraries. Sometimes the first volume is taken out and looked at; the other three never leave the shelf.

West: The publication was turned into a news event and a legal battle. It became only too easy for the people of this country to forget that the Pentagon Papers are not a news event; they are a *book*. There is no short cut to *reading* them.

Professor Howard Zinn and I sit at a corner table at the University Luncheonette on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston. I tell him of my conversation with Neil Sheehan.

Zinn: I agree with Sheehan that the main benefit of publishing the papers is suspicion of government, awareness of government treachery. The concrete points spelled out in the papers can be sorted out only through real study. Who is going to bother with that? People don't want to wade through all those pages. There has been a sad failure to digest them in print, to popularize them, bring them out as a juvenile—anything.

I: No coincidence, either. Even the paper that helped break the silence, *The New York Times*. . . .

Zinn: As you know, journalists are trained into some kind of middle-of-the-road neutrality. In the end, no paper and no network is going to publish or broadcast anything that might shake the basis of this society. Think of the Bay of Pigs blackout. It isn't thought control, and it isn't a conspiracy. Of course not. It's more subtle and indirect. There are built-in controls and brakes that let us go just so far. Things here are always carried *up to a point*. Of course, if we go on like this, we may soon not even have an Ellsberg or a Sheehan or a Beacon Press.

I: But we had all three in June 1971—and nothing happened.

Zinn: It was a drop in a vat. The government throws a bucketful of information at us, day in, day out. Our knowledge of facts in this country gets so diluted that it cannot be translated into action. □

Waiting for Nixon Slightly Below the Summit

BY ALAN LEVY

SALZBURG, Austria—The hills were alive with the news of Nixon—booked into Salzburg to fight jet lag for a weekend on his way to the summit meeting in Moscow. Locally, there was talk that the President would take time out to treat himself and Mrs. Nixon to the American Express "Sound of Music" tour, advertised all over Salzburg thusly: "Revitalize the famous movie. Admire our charming city. See picturesque landscape"—and locations. In short, the tourist was invited to see the original set minus the original cast. To make up for the lack of Julie Andrews and Company, the tour was offering the movie sound track piped into an air-conditioned autobus. Price: $6.60. Duration: approximately three hours. As it turned out, the President didn't have the three hours to spare.

As the great day neared, the look of the city altered: Helicopters appeared on rooftops, black Cadillacs on the streets, immense 707s on runways too small to hold them comfortably. The normally nonchalant natives grew restless. In a small, pink cottage on the grounds of Klessheim, the big, pink White House of a palace where the Nixons would be staying during their Austrian stopover, my hostess said: "This is the last little bit of paradise left—and now the Americans are invading it."

It was May 13, a week before the Nixons were due to arrive, and my hostess was Silvia Reinhardt, the wife of Gottfried Reinhardt, who is in turn the son of the famous German stage and film director Max Reinhardt. Silvia and Gottfried—a movie producer in his own right who is now writing a biography of his father—are both American citizens. When they moved into their idyllic pink cottage after the Second World War, the

In Salzburg, Nixon learned to say "Danke" and slept in the palace where Hitler planned to celebrate victory.

Reinhardts had the old wallpaper removed and, as a result, discovered at least one suspicious fixture in every room. "At first we thought the house was bugged," said Silvia, "but the fixtures turned out

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to be loud-speakers, not microphones. Later we learned that our cottage was where Martin Bormann stayed when Hitler invited people like Mussolini and Albert Speer to Klessheim, and he must have eavesdropped on the guests in the big house." (In postwar years Klessheim has served as a guesthouse for Queen Elizabeth, King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola, and Nikita Khrushchev.)

Bormann's eavesdropping equipment had long since been deactivated when, a fortnight before the Nixon visit, helicopters started dropping onto the nine-hole golf course that forms part of the palace grounds and men with walkie-talkies began patrolling the grounds. Then all sorts of workmen appeared on the scene. For the President's security some of them started to build a new road bypassing the palace. The Reinhardts, feeling that their strategic retreat in Austria was being somewhat Vietnamized, had promptly consulted their lawyer. "We have every right to drive past the palace any time we want to," Silvia insisted. "That's part of the charm of living here."

Gottfried Reinhardt related what happened next: "The lawyer said we were absolutely right. And he said that, if I ever try to use the old road while the Nixons are here, I'll probably get thrown into jail. But I'll win my case eventually." The Reinhardts prudently decided to use the bypass.

Inside Klessheim castle—where Hitler once dreamed of dictating peace terms after he had beaten the Allies in World War II—the activity was even more feverish than the roadwork outside. A couple of laborers who had previously worked for the Reinhardts dropped in to say hello. After they left, Gottfried Reinhardt said that they had told him they were building a connecting doorway between Mr. and Mrs. Nixon's adjoining bedrooms. "Otherwise," one of the workmen explained, "they would have to go out into the hall and then *in* again to get to each other."

"Wouldn't it be easier," someone asked, "if they would just sleep together?"

Later, a USIA man whom I consulted about this matter denied that any walls had been broken through. On the other hand, he also denied that the bypass, which I had seen with my own eyes, had been built. He went on to volunteer, with a chortle, that Henry Kissinger had been awarded a double bed at Klessheim.

Picking out beds and, perhaps, knocking out walls were only a minor part of the preparations that took place in Salzburg. For two weeks the Salzburg airport's runways, which normally handle only two-engine jets, became practice grounds for four-engine Boeing 707s like the presidential Air Force One. Rita Koehler, who used to be Orson Welles's secretary and now represents an Italian stage director here, couldn't get her phone fixed, "because we're putting in the hot line." Since the Nixons would be arriving on Saturday night, May 20, and leaving early Monday morning, several stores announced they would be open that Sunday—in case, as one merchant put it, "Mrs. Nixon wants to go shopping for a dirndl. She and her daughters are definitely dirndl types." But the forty-two-hour work week, rigidly protected by Austrian trade unions, prevailed. The merchants were forced to close up shop Saturday noon. Still, the security types and White House advance men were snapping up dirndls in certain sizes—for a Sunday sampling at Klessheim, some hinted.

Salzburgers viewed the impending event with mixed feelings. Pride in a presidential visit to their city was likely to be diluted by resentment caused by the attendant annoyances and either further diluted or recharged depending on the individual's personal emotions toward Nixon. Two antiwar demonstrations were scheduled for Saturday—the Communists' at 4:00 p.m., the non-Communists' at 7:30 p.m., three hours before Air Force One was scheduled to land. The Communists applied for and were given a permit for their demonstration; the police say that the other protestors failed to apply for permission and that their demonstration was therefore illegal. A student told me: "I'm no Communist, but I think I'll join their demonstration so I'll have time to get out to the airport to cheer Nixon." Another young man who attended the afternoon demonstration was Peter Kreisky, the twenty-eight-year-old son of Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky.

One day, shortly before young Kreisky protested a war being waged by the man whom his father officially welcomed to Salzburg, Silvia Reinhardt strolled past the sprawling hotel Oesterreichischer Hof, which used to be U.S. Army of Occupation headquarters in Austria. In front of the main entrance she noticed an unusual sight: a line of seven Cadillacs manned by men with walkie-talkies. Affecting an Austrian accent, the New York-born Silvia asked one of these men, "Vott are you tooing mit those dings?"

The man at the wheel also feigned an Austrian accent: "Choost making a leetle survey." This astonished her because he was black.

"Vott kind of survey?" Silvia asked. "Against bad people?"

At which point, the man with the walkie-talkie lapsed out of accent: "There are no bad people in Austria, ma'am."

There are no bad people in Austria. On the Sunday before Nixon, a Salzburg priest preached a sermon against abortion—a concept so offensive to him that, although he made perfectly clear what he was against, he couldn't bring himself to use the word. He concluded his sermon by saying: "Now, if you think back to those days, Hitler certainly had more concern for motherhood than the present generation does."

There are no bad people in Austria. Three New Year's eves ago, Austrian citizen Robert Jungk—pacifist, futurist, and author of *Brighter Than a Thousand Suns: A Personal History of the Atomic Scientists* and *Children of the Ashes*—took his wife, Ruth, and seventeen-year-old son Peter, both American citizens, to dine at the Oesterreichischer Hof. An elderly Salzburger came over to their table and told Peter: "Unless you cut your hair, you'll never amount to anything."

Dr. Jungk rose to the lad's defense: "This is my son. Why are you saying such a thing to him?"

The old man, according to the Jungks, let out a commanding yelp: "Take this man away!"

Dr. and Mrs. Jungk, both European-born Jews who had fled the Nazis and spent part of World War II in detention camps (he in Switzerland, she in Portugal), looked at each other with shock and recognition. Dr. Jungk spoke first: "Well, I know who you are. You are an old Nazi. People like you were responsible for taking away six million Jews."

The old man—a wealthy trucker who had prospered in Hitler's day—brought suit against Dr. Jungk for publicly offending his honor. In the trial it was established that he did indeed have a Nazi past and had served some time in prison for his sins. But the burden of proof was put upon Jungk, and he lost the case and was fined $16. He will, however, also have to pay some fifty times that much in court costs if his still-pending appeal is turned down. "To win my case, though," Jungk concedes, "having said what I said, I must prove that this man's trucks were used to transport at least some of those six million Jews. But it's most paradoxical to me that in the 1970s I am the accused and he is the accuser."

Thus spake the futurist confronting the past. I had dinner with Dr. Jungk on the eve of Nixon's arrival. The next night he and his son were going to the evening rally—"to demonstrate against Vietnam," Jungk told me, "not against Nixon. I think Nixon is an innocent man who inherited a mess. And I think of Henry Kissinger [who from time to time has been an academic colleague of Jungk's] as a restraining influence on him. Henry is a rational man, even to the point of being a cynic."

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The next night's rally became a roundabout, five-mile march to the airport—and Robert and Peter Jungk went along. The scene that the father described to me (and some of which I saw from press bus and press stand) had the same unreality as the more melodramatic episodes of *The Sound of Music*. The helmeted Austrian police and crew-cut U.S. Secret Service men, the men in dark raincoats with German shepherd dogs all looked like hired extras. The floodlights, barricades, and opensided police wagons might have been rented from Twentieth Century-Fox for the occasion. And the protestors had such innate respect for law and order that, every time the police halted them, they turned away—to find a detour around the police lines.

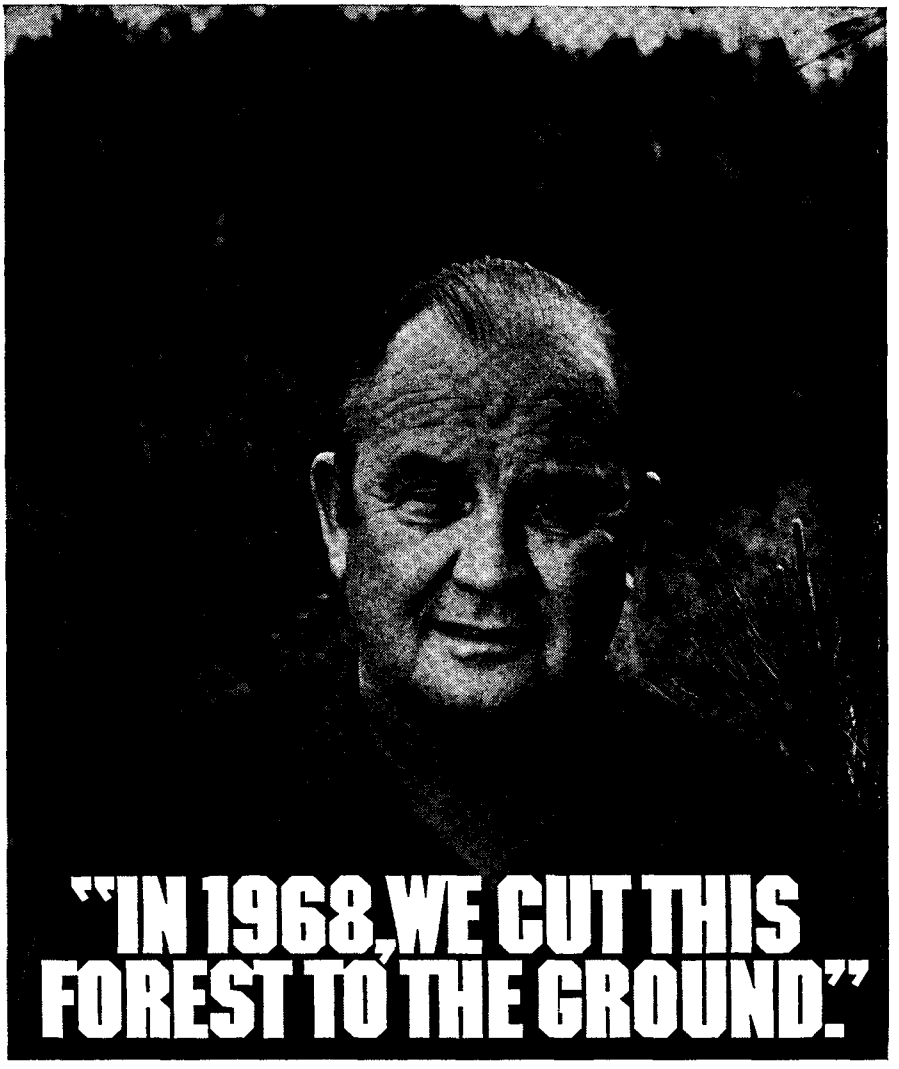
"It was very romantic," said Jungk, who is a ruddy fifty-nine, "going through fields by moonlight and down a railroad track and through a meadow and getting our feet wet. A sixteen-year-old girl named Traude, whom we know, joined hands with my son and me. But it wasn't our feelings about Nixon or Vietnam that united us—just the feeling of being together, hundreds of us, in the middle of the night."

"And all of a sudden," said his son, "we were standing on the runway of Salzburg Airport an hour before Nixon was due."

The police, with a loud-speaker car, ordered them back onto the grass. According to the Jungks, the demonstrators all complied. After all, nobody wants a 707 to land on top of him. Then, after a few minutes of silent confrontation, the Jungks say, the police attacked the crowd.

Robert Jungk, who found himself in the front row of demonstrators, was clubbed on the head and had to be treated for three separate head injuries at a Salzburg hospital. (The cruel joke around town the next day was: "Now he has seen the future.") His son, Peter, escaped injury. Traude, was grabbed by three Austrian policemen, who broke her glasses and then spanked her like a little girl.

Because the police had to double-check the runway in the wake of the riot, Nixon's pilot landed Air Force One eight minutes late. After the President had done his charming little "Here I am" dance routine, he, Mrs. Nixon, Dr. Kissinger, and entourage were whisked off into seclusion at Klessheim. When the President and Dr. Kissinger reappeared the next morning, they strolled about the grounds, then ventured into a crowd of 100 Austrians outside the main gate. To make the obligatory joke about his administration's male sex symbol, the President struck up a conversation with a young lady and promptly informed Kissinger: "She's not married. She's a pretty



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girl." Then, turning back to the girl, the President told her: "He's been to China, Russia, and Hollywood."

Further along on the same promenade, when a small boy presented the President with a cluster of buttercups, all that homework at Camp David proved of no avail. Nixon was forced to consult Dr. Kissinger. "How do you say thank you?" he asked.

The German-born adviser's reply was right on target: "*Danke.*"

Robert Jungk's airport clobbering cost him a personal visit from Henry Kissinger. A mutual friend (Wayland Young, author of *Eros Denied*) had suggested a meeting, and, soon after he'd arrived at Klessheim, Kissinger had rung up the Jungks. Robert had retired with cold compresses, but his wife did not mention the demonstration. Ruth Jungk simply invited Kissinger over for Sunday-night supper, and he accepted. She then spent a sleepless night worrying about her husband's health and whether she had enough fresh asparagus to go around. The stores would be closed on Sunday, and Ruth didn't want to go down in Henry Kissinger's little black book as the hostess with the leastest.

The next morning, however, Kissinger found out about Jungk's role in the demonstration and, through their mutual friend, sent his regrets and canceled the visit. Because today's politics alienate, two brilliant men of good will, who might have had something useful to say to each other, did not meet. □

Here Come the Political Groupies!

BY LYNN SHERR

WITH THE HUMPHREY CAMPAIGN

—Steve Doyle, twenty-one years old, a slender, soft-spoken Minnesotan with a wispy mustache and blond hair that hangs over his right eye in front and just brushes the collar of his Bill Blass suit in back, is a groupie. No, not the kind of groupie that chases after rock singers. Steve's serious. He *works* for his idol, and his idol happens to be a presidential primary contender (who wins some and loses some) by the name of Hubert Horatio Humphrey. Steve is Humphrey's sound-and-tape man, which means that in exchange for a pittance of $10.75 a day to cover his meals and taxicabs, he tape-records everything of significance that the candidate says and feeds bits of it out to radio stations all over the country twice a day.

Steve is one of a breed that has become visible all along this year's campaign trail. I call them political groupies. They're young, they have attached themselves to one or another of the candidates, and they turn up everywhere—frequently ahead of reporters like myself.

For instance, I've run across an intense twenty-four-year-old Radcliffe graduate complaining that she had not been able to look in on Chicago's Art Institute because she'd been too busy rounding up Illinois delegates for Edmund Muskie.

I stood at the elbow of George McGovern's traveling shirt-and-shaving-gear toter in a Boston hotel while he decided whether to buy his boss clam chowder or cream of leek soup.

The new groupie picks a political idol instead of a folksinger. . .

And an Alabama law student, at twenty-two working on his third Wallace campaign, "Yes, ma'am-ed" me incessantly when I asked if it was true he'd drummed up 10,000 fans for a Wallace rally in Detroit one Saturday night.

I suppose the main difference between the youthful campaigners of 1972 and, say, the Children's Crusade of 1968 and their predecessors is that today's young people in politics seem a little older, a little more homogeneous. Mostly they are white and middle-class. After all, who else could afford to drop out of school or out of a job and survive on as little as free peanut-butter sandwiches or as much as $30-a-day expenses, not knowing when the candidate himself might just announce he, too, was dropping out? The political groupies are also incredibly mobile—a floating network of doorbell ringers and rally arrangers and glorified valets who have racked up as much air mileage as some airline stewardesses, and who reel off campaigns they've worked the way some kids reel off courses they've taken. Serious, committed, numbering from fifteen for Wallace to ten times that for McGovern, they are the sturdy bargains of the current campaign.

Steve Doyle is a case in point. My first encounter with him was on a plane ride from Milwaukee to central Wisconsin. Steve was sprawled across two of the three seats in the crowded Humphrey jet, leaving the aisle seat for me and forcing an ABC-TV correspondent to seek another place. No, he couldn't move his recording gear, Steve said politely, because he had to work. Which he did, listening to tapes and splicing together snippets from the speeches of the senator from Minnesota as we cruised high in the clouds.

As he worked, I learned from Steve that he wanted to be an astronaut, but didn't have the background and that he'd put off his last semester at DePauw University to travel with the campaign. He said, even though he missed his pals in the Phi Gamma Delta house and his girl friend back in Greencastle, "I knew it was a great experience, a chance to see what it's like in the world. Man, I made the right decision. If I'd passed this up, I'd be the dummy of a lifetime!"

Several weeks later, after George Wallace was gunned down while campaigning, Steve had some more sobering thoughts about his job.

"When we went to the hospital, that's when it sunk in. I saw a couple of younger Wallace aides with staff buttons on. Those poor kids. There was the candidate they'd been flying around with, lying on the ground. I tried putting myself in their place and couldn't believe it. Then I thought, Jesus, I'm in a crowd situation with Humphrey, too. I thought, Jeepers, let's not get too close to him.

"It's kind of scary. I'll probably think about it a lot now," he said. Then, after a moment's reflection, he added, "But that's silly. What the hell, you've got a job to do."

Steve said he often finds himself scouting the crowd while he's on the podium with Humphrey. "I kinda feel like an agent. Isn't that childish? I've always had this vision of seeing the hand come out of the crowd with a pistol in it. I've always thought of how I'd push Humphrey down on the ground if anything happened. And how I'd keep the tape recording running," he added.

The next time I saw Steve was in Philadelphia, when the HHH Convair 600—a smaller plane—swooped down two hours late and Steve piled off, slightly less exuberant than before, and clambered onto the waiting press bus. At a jammed auditorium at the University of Pennsylvania, he grinned at me sheepishly from a corner, valiantly holding his Sony microphone up to an amplifier

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while the senator confronted a heckling audience of antiwar students. "I get embarrassed about walking up in front of everyone and sticking the mike on the podium. So I miss a few," he confided to me later.

Nursing a whisky sour in the bar of Philadelphia's Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, he told me in a conversation studded with "gee's" and "goll-ee's" that he'd got his job after he did a radio interview with Humphrey back home in Winona, Wisconsin, two summers ago. Steve was working as a disc jockey and sound man at station KWNO, and Humphrey was campaigning for the Senate. The routine interview, which Steve commemorated with an Instamatic photo he's since lost, so impressed Humphrey and his media man that they instantly offered Steve a chance to spend a day traveling with them. Flattered but unconvinced, Steve waited until two winters and several offers later, when he finally realized it was a genuine opportunity. Suddenly turned on, he wrote the media man, telephoned him when there was no answer, and, on a phone conversation that he tape-recorded because he didn't want to miss anything, was offered a chance to travel for one week with the campaign after Humphrey announced in January 1972.

"My head was up to here," Steve said. "The day before I was supposed to go, I got my hair cut. It almost killed me. Yeah, it was still down over my ears. I had to drive sixty miles, to Lafayette, Indiana, because I didn't trust anyone in the Podunk town where I was. I wanted to make a good impression. I only got it cut once before in two years."

The third week in January, a shorn Steve Doyle flew to Washington, then Miami, where, he remembers, it was a totally new world. "Everything was nice and bright and warm. I sure got his every comment on tape. He'd talk to people at the bottom of the plane steps, and I'd be there with my mike. I guess I was overanxious. Now I know what they want."

The trip took Steve from Washington to Miami to San Diego to Los Angeles to San Francisco to Denver to New York to New Jersey to Philadelphia. "I knew after the first day that I couldn't leave the campaign," he admitted. "I only hoped the job I was doing was adequate." Apparently, it was more than adequate. Since that first frantic week in January, Steve Doyle has recorded Hubert Humphrey's oratory at the bottom of a coal mine in West Virginia, in a helicopter over the Florida swamps, before countless plant gates at the crack of dawn, in union hiring halls, at Fisherman's Wharf, at churches ("yeah, lots of churches"), synagogues ("very heavy on synagogues in Florida"), old-age homes, Indian reservations; in Spanish at a Cuban-American rally, in French with Africans in Pittsburgh; and once at an orphanage for deaf children in Milwaukee, where Humphrey's speech was translated into sign language.

. . . and does everything from toting luggage to taping speeches.

In the process Steve has also managed to leave his baggage behind once, to get *himself* left behind eleven times, and to learn a perfect imitation of the voice he hears virtually every working moment. And oh, yes, he has also managed to let his hair grow long again.

Steve does a good bit of jotting in a reporter's notebook that doubles as his diary. He makes entries sometimes twice a day, sometimes not for a week. "It's like I'm writing a letter to myself," he explained. "I will love looking back. I don't want to lose the feelings. I'm gonna make damned sure I remember the important things." Like the night he sat in the back of the jet with Humphrey and just talked, with the senator "tapping you on the arm, as you're trying to stifle a yawn. It was like a walk through the Pentagon Papers. When I got back to my room, I wrote for an hour-and-a-half."

I arranged to catch up with Steve a week or so later for a swing through Indiana and Ohio on the weekend before the primaries in those states. On the designated Saturday, I, along with at least four Indiana troopers, three Secret Service men, two private pilots, one local judge, and an actual lined-up motorcade, waited for the Convair 600 bearing Hubert Humphrey and his chief political groupie while fat drops of rain drenched the Louisville airport. As usual, the entourage was an hour late, and a handful of local staffers joked about how the senator loves to talk to people. Poor Steve, I thought.

Finally, at noon the big, white plane with its purple stripes and the purple HHH printed on its nose landed. The steps folded out, and, after the candidate and his advance men and the traveling press and staff had disembarked, out trudged Steve. Wrapped in a trench coat against the rain, his hair matted down, he looked considerably more haggard than I'd seen him before. No wonder. On that day, which had started in Indianapolis, he'd been out of the room he shares with a Humphrey cameraman and had his two suitcases in the lobby by 6:45 a.m., so he could be at the airplane at 7:30 to fly to Terre Haute, where the senator met with labor leaders at 8:55. Steve got the meeting on tape. Then the candidate went to a courtroom in the same building, where he spoke from a witness box since there was no public-address system, and, according to Steve, "We all huddled around him holding mikes in the air for about twenty-two minutes. Your arm really gets phffff. You can feel the blood draining down." Then came a walking tour and a television interview, which Steve did not have to cover but during which he searched for some cuts from a speech delivered in a black neighborhood the night before.

Now, at the Louisville airport, Steve plodded into the small room where waiting newsmen from local papers and TV stations ("which reach southern Indiana," as the press release had it) had assembled. He clamped his microphone to the stand on which the other mikes were mounted and pushed the button to start his tape recorder. Arms folded, Steve stood quietly while pens traveled across notebooks and the cameras clicked and rolled. Questions over, he wordlessly removed his microphone and collected his Sony TC-10. It was a scene to be repeated a dozen times a day, depending on the candidate's stamina. That is Steve Doyle's job. And to endure. It was beginning to show.

"I'm kind of draggin' today. My body is finally catchin' up with me," he admitted while slouched on the press bus as it followed the motorcade to the next stop. "I'm not like Hubert Humphrey. I can't live the stuff every day, every day, one hundred per cent of the time. I have to get away by myself and think." Steve told me how he'd taken a few weeks off about three weeks after he had joined the campaign in January, going back to college "to kind of mop things up and re-evaluate what was going on."

At DePauw he picked up his convertible from its month-old parking place in front of the fraternity house and drove it home to Winona. Then the mood changed. "Actually, I was feeling guilty taking time off. The Wisconsin primary was only two weeks away. I would read about Humphrey, and it took a second to soak in, but I'd say to myself, Why am I *reading* that? Hold it; I work for him! It's a weird feeling. When I'm off the campaign, I walk around and don't feel

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like a Humphrey staffer."

Talking about his earlier revival picked Steve up noticeably as we pulled into the Green Tree Mall Shopping Center in Clarkesville, Indiana. Glancing over at a massive crowd punctuated by yellow balloons with smiles printed on them, he joked, "I'll bet you Hubert is somewhere in the middle of all that." The remark was not irreverent; it was loving.

Steve's recording duties over after a fifteen-minute speech, he made a quick judgment on how long it would take Humphrey to plow through the shoppers (an activity the press schedule calls "mingling"), then elbowed me toward an ice-cream counter. "Lunch," he announced, buying me a butterscotch ripple and himself a chocolate chip. It was 1:20 p.m. Steve Doyle had another twelve hours to work before he slept.

I think you can figure out the rest of that day, which was mostly the same but a little different. From Louisville we flew and motored to a Ford showroom in Vandalia, Ohio, which is near Dayton, where Steve set up his trusty mike to catch an HHH farm address. Then he slipped away downstairs and commandeered a carpeted cubicle that is usually used to sell Fords, in which he fed his tapes on a beige wall phone to Humphrey Headquarters in Washington. The next flying hop was to Cincinnati, where Steve electronically immortalized the squeals of some Humphrey cheerleaders and a soul speech by the man himself, and then suffered through an airport press conference in the rain. Next the plane took us to Cleveland for another speech, followed by yet another in East Liverpool, Ohio. By this time, incidentally, Steve Doyle had also napped, yawned and joked, and consumed two tasteless ham-and-cheese sandwiches, three cups of black coffee, a box lunch of Kentucky fried chicken, and a can of beer. That is the way Steve Doyle travels, eats, and sleeps these days.

Why? you might well ask.

"It's because of Humphrey, undoubtedly," he told me when I did ask whether it was the candidate or the campaign that had him hooked. "Certain aspects of the campaign turn me on—going different places, seeing people. But what's so great is seeing Humphrey adapt himself to each crowd—he reads them perfectly. Being a speech major, for me it's great to see a real pro, a real orator. He's got to be the greatest extemporaneous orator in the world—maybe even in this whole century. His speeches come out sounding as if they had been written down verbatim," Steve said.

"I really do believe in him. You have to admit, with some young people it's not an 'in' thing to be for Hubert Humphrey."

No, it is not, I agreed, and asked Steve about his politics. "I guess I was neutral —probably might not even have voted before," he admitted. "But you become committed to him. He's infectious. He's got charisma. I made sure before I started parroting him that I agreed with him. He tries to get people to think about the future, not the past. I felt bad; I'd been involved in the Dump-the-Hump movement. But you can't work with him and not be taken up. After a week or two I began to see that this Happy Warrior image is not true. He's living and breathing and swears like the rest of us. I still see him walking down the aisle of the plane and think, My God, that's Hubert Humphrey!

"When I go to college campuses, I can't believe that three months ago I was in one," he continued. "It's *déjà vu*, but suddenly it's strange. I feel so far away from one—this worries me because I worry about going back. I mean, how do you tell them what you've been doing without sounding like you're bragging? Anyway, even if we don't get the nomination, I won't go back to school until February. Right now I'm confident we will get the nomination, and I won't have to worry about it."

And if they do get the nomination? "I'd like to work in the White House," Steve admitted. "I don't know any campaigner who wouldn't. I mean, that's the goal of the campaign."

Just then the plane touched down at its next-to-last stop, Cleveland. Steve groaned when he was told he had to attend the East Liverpool speech later on. "If I had my druthers, I think I'd stay home tonight," he mused. "Just one night I'd like to give the tape recorder to someone else and. . . .

"Hey, listen," he suddenly said to me. "You can finish your article by saying, 'Headache and all, he trudges off to the next event.' " □

Does It Make Sense to the Man With the Beer Can?

BY FAUBION BOWERS

NEW YORK, N.Y.—Shortly after President John F. Kennedy appointed Newton Minow chairman of the Federal Communications Commission in 1961, Minow made public his dismay at the underdevelopment of his most important domain—television. He called the tele-

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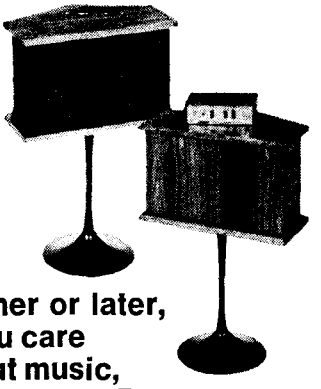
vision industry and television programming "a vast wasteland," plagued by "violence, audience participation shows, formula comedies, blood-and-thunder, mayhem, violence, sadism, murder, Western bad men, Western good men, private eyes, gangsters, more violence, and cartoons. And—endlessly—commercials." In the years since Minow made his eloquent denunciation, *Ozzie and Harriet* has given way to *Bewitched*, Johnny Carson has replaced Jack Paar, and Raymond Burr has metamorphosed from Perry Mason into Bob Ironside. Thus, despite the growth of educational and public broadcasting (which has imported its most outstanding cultural programs from England) and despite flashes of artistic responsibility on the part of the three commercial networks, Minow's description remains generally accurate, and the phrase "vast wasteland" threatens to turn into the dictionary definition of American television.

One lonely but enduring exception to this rule of aridity is the Columbia Broadcasting System's *Camera Three*, which celebrated its twentieth birthday last month. For two decades now *Camera Three* has offered a wide-ranging, intelligent weekly survey of the world of arts and letters. Its programs, carried by some 200 CBS affiliates throughout the country, seem miraculously to leap out of the TV tube like conjurer's rabbits out of a hat: Pierre Boulez rehearsing with the New York Philharmonic; Lili Kraus playing Schubert's *Fantasia*; Anton Kuerti performing obscure, unpublished Scriabin piano pieces; Henryk Szeryng talking with fellow violinist Daniel Heifetz; star Kabuki actors Baiko and Shoroku explaining the fundamentals of their art (something they had never before done publicly, not even in Japan); Keir Dullea talking during the showing of snippets from *2001*; premier offerings by the Living Theatre, Belgium's Théâtre Laboratoire Vicinal, Grotowski's troupe from Poland, and Madrid's Esta Noche Teatro; interviews with, and performances by, actors Richard Burton and Sir John Gielgud, opera singers Richard Tucker and Dorothy Kirsten, dancers Ted Shawn, Ruth St. Denis, Carla Fracci, and Maurice Béjart; discussions with film-maker Peter Bogdanovich, artist Louise Nevelson, artist-forger David Stein, architect Paolo Soleri, critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, and general know-it-all Buckminster Fuller. And, to satisfy even more esoteric tastes, *Camera Three* has offered an exhibition by Persian dancers, a program by the Royal Cambodian Palace Dancers, food critic Craig Claiborne at a clambake, and Wyatt Cooper, Gloria Vanderbilt's husband, reciting from the works of Shakespeare.



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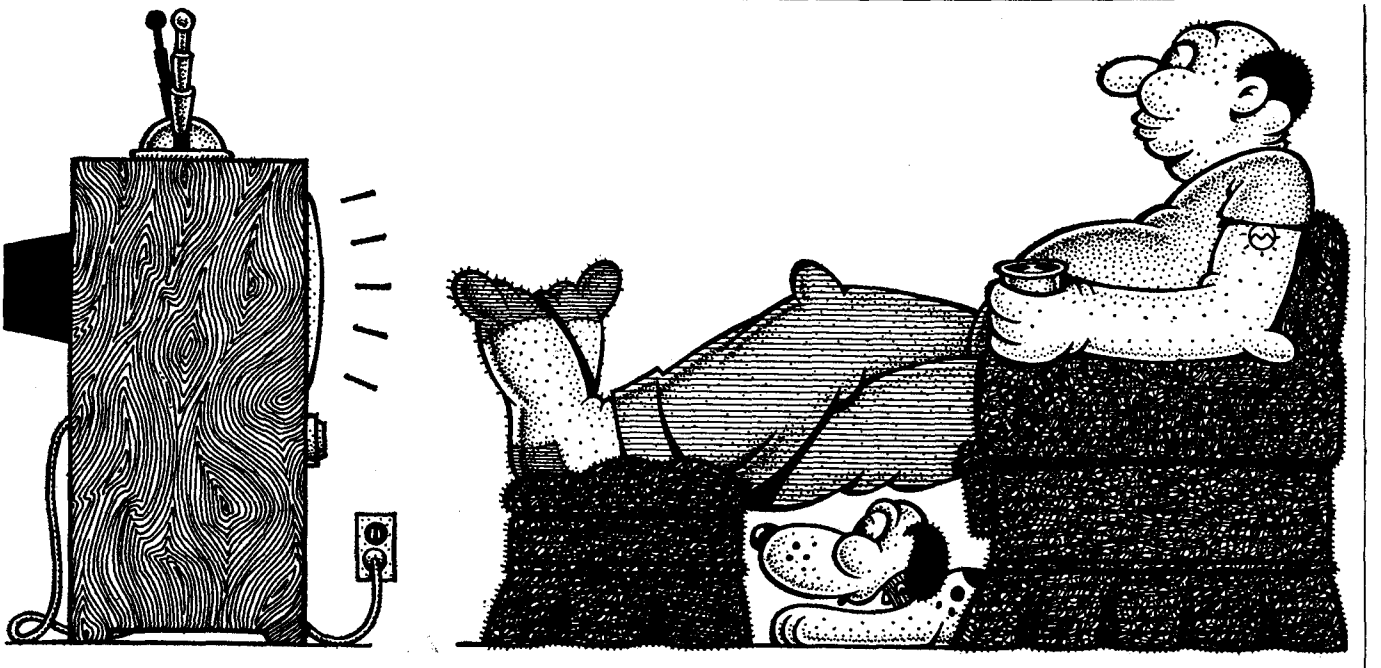

Must TV's typical man "sitting in his undershirt and holding a can of beer" dictate the fare for the nation?

The man chiefly responsible for *Camera Three's* extraordinary presentations is Merrill Brockway, who has been the show's producer-director for the past four years and is now its executive director. Brockway, forty-eight years old, is a striking figure. He is an impish five feet six inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. His long, gray hair, grained with black, almost touches his shoulders, and his apparel is frequently eye-walloping—skintight stocking shirts (often orange in color), bright, plaid trousers, and capes, capes, capes! "That's so they know who's producer," he explains, with a hint of steel in his voice.

Brockway's talent lies mainly in his ability to use television technology as an intensifier of esthetic experience. His primary principle—"Get good people, and let them be good"—belies the complexity behind the way he transmutes such visual tricks as dissolves, pans, zooms, fade-outs, fade-ins, and double—even triple—images into a directorial intelligence that helps the viewer both to see and to understand. Often Brockway manages to include within his programs visual explanations of artistic technique, which less imaginative directors might be content to explore by means of the standard, and often dull, interview. As an example, in a recent *Camera Three* presentation of the National Dance Troupe of Morocco, Brockway persuaded one of the female performers to unveil her face—a breach of Muslim religious law—in order to show the audience how she and her colleagues produced the eerie, ululating wail that provided a background for much of the dancing. (The woman was delighted with her own performance; during a playback of the tape, she laughed at herself and remarked, "I look like I'm licking postage stamps.")

Brockway's innovative direction, along with his facility for searching out what is culturally new or important, has earned him two Emmys—as producer of "This Is Edward Steichen" and "Beyond the Blues."

Although the TV industry has twice officially applauded *Camera Three*'s excellence, the show's time slot (at 11:30 Sunday mornings in New York and similarly sequestered in most other affiliate programing) and sophisticated subject matter have kept it from achieving anything like a mass following. Officially, two million people watch the program each week, and even this relatively low figure may be somewhat inflated.

Camera Three's mail daily reminds Brockway that his new ideas for television, like most artistic innovations, have offended some people. "Briefly, 'NUTS' to the ugliness of *Camera Three*," wrote one succinct lady from Tucson, Arizona. More and more frequently, however, the letters are gratifying positive. "Your programs delve into philosophies so often either overlooked or ignored or, perhaps worse, not even thought about," wrote one viewer from Evansville, Indiana; another, from Longview, Washington, wrote simply, "This Sunday's broadcast was the most beautiful thing I ever saw on television." Brockway's response to the brickbats is a patiently moderate form letter, which reads, in part, "It is difficult to explain the experimental, and more difficult still to continue to challenge the boundaries of television—itself an ever-changing art form—as *Camera Three* seeks to do."

Though he does try to accommodate his viewers to some extent, Brockway has steadfastly refused to compromise his artistic standards by trying to make sense to TV's archetypal man sitting in his undershirt and holding a can of beer. "I really do shows for myself," he stated flatly in a recent interview. "If you do them for someone else, you fall into that trap that sits somewhere between evangelism and patronization. I figure that if I do a show wide enough, other people will relate to it. After all, I'm a human being, and so are they." □

Baseball Fans, You Should've Been There

BY JEFF GREENFIELD

SHEA STADIUM, N.Y.—Few things are as poignant as being in the presence of a dying way of life. The lobby of a once-glittering downtown hotel, its opulence mocked by worn carpets and indolent bellhops with no customers to please; a railroad concourse in a great American city, built to the scale of purposeful crowds, now accommodating only drifters and bewildered old men and young women with too many children, their belongings wrapped in cardboard boxes; a passenger terminal along Manhattan's waterfront. Enter these settings

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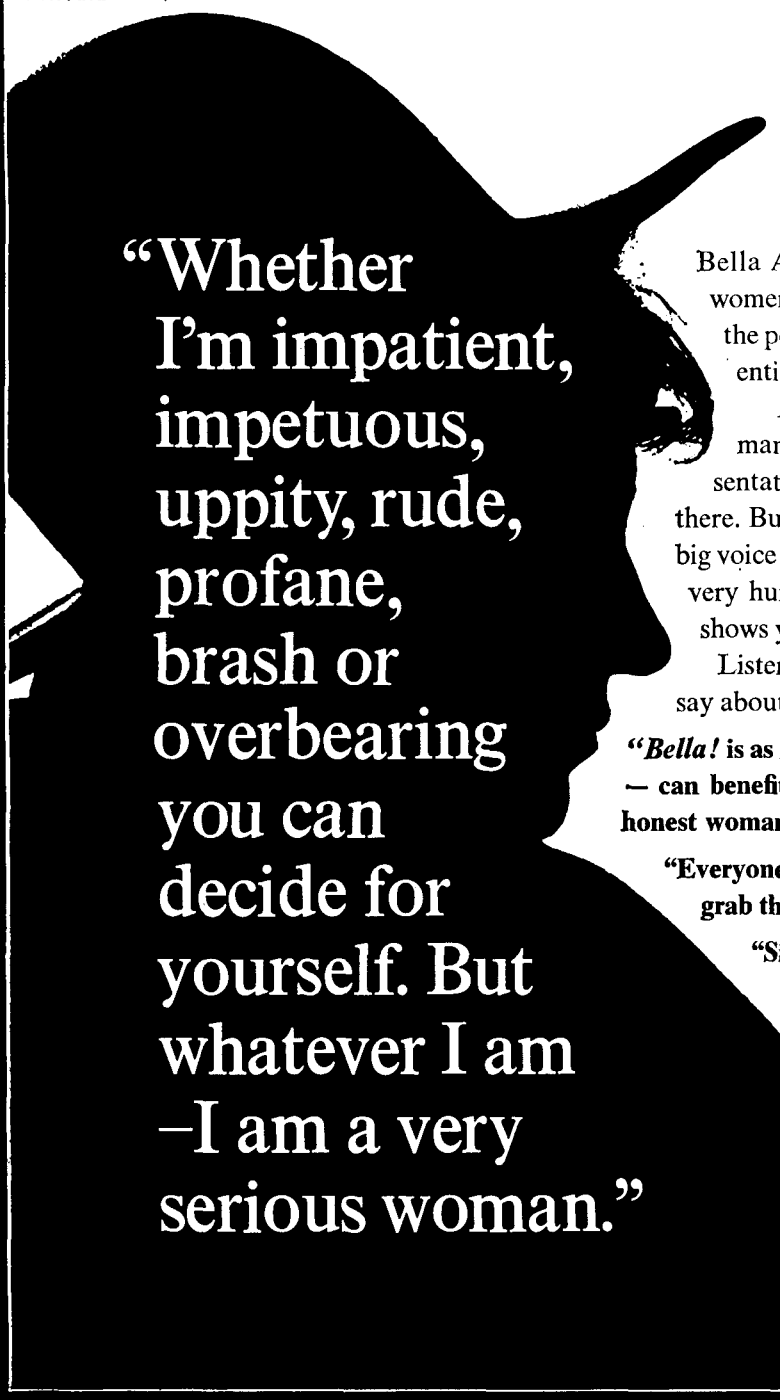

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and you feel the distance between another generation's existence and our own.

On a recent Friday this year I sat in New York's Shea Stadium, watching a way of life that may well be denied to my children: weekday baseball.

Baseball used to be called the "national pastime." Think about that word: "pastime." It suggests an ambience of leisure, warmth, ease; the sense of a pastoral summer day. That is the climate that gave birth to baseball—the climate that defines its pace, now regarded as intolerably boring by more and more sports fans.

Alone of our major sports, baseball requires the warm outdoors. Basketball and hockey are indoor sports, fit for Kansas Februaries or Canadian Decembers. Football took root in our universities, with their September-to-May schedules. And the protective gear worn by football players makes the autumn weather tolerable.

But baseball is a game of summer and sunshine: vast expanses of green grass, a pace that permits relief from the heat, and a game in which the overwhelming majority of players have nothing much to do at any given moment of play. For spectators a baseball game is a chance to sit in the sunshine and study the complexities of an enormously involved game.

I had gone to Shea Stadium to watch the New York Mets face the Chicago Cubs. No, not exactly. I had gone to watch Tom Seaver—one of the best pitchers in baseball—face a twenty-two-year-old rookie named Bert Hooton, who had pitched a no-hit game his last time out. Pitchers' battles are, in one sense, thoroughly undramatic. If both men are in form, there are few hits, few times when there are two men on base heightening the expectation of a score, few chances to watch hitters slam long hits or home runs.

Instead, there are battles of will and intelligence like the one that took place during the second inning of the game. Cub catcher Randy Hundley was up. After giving up a ball, Tom Seaver threw an inside fastball that drove Hundley away from the plate as it caught the corner for a strike. Hundley, observing the fact that a hard object had passed inches from his body at 100 miles an hour, dug in a few inches farther away from the plate. Seaver's next pitch was a slow, outside curve that passed just over the plate. Had Hundley been closer, he might have punched the pitch into right field for a base hit. Instead, frozen by the inside fastball, he watched the second strike cross the plate.

Hundley stepped out of the batter's box; Seaver paced around the mound, rubbing the ball. Both men were calculating. Hundley knew that most pitchers with a one-ball, two-strike count "waste" a pitch, hoping the batter will swing at a bad ball. Instead, Seaver fired a fastball right over the plate. By the time Hundley swung, the ball was in the catcher's glove, and Seaver had a strike-out.

In the words of a mediocre raconteur, you had to be there. Three minutes of this by-play would have been interminable on television, which would have recorded only the deadly stock shot of pitcher, batter, catcher, and umpire, huddled together like frozen Lilliputians. The same three minutes would have brought a viewer three football plays, a kick, and a runback; half a dozen baskets; eight or nine furious rushes up and down the ice. A TV screen is simply too small to pick up the way a pitcher moves the ball into or away from a batter. When you're there, it is a tense, sometimes gripping encounter.

Yet for this game on a warm spring afternoon only 11,000 paying customers were there to watch, barely a fifth of the stadium's capacity. (A few thousand public school kids, admitted free by the Mets as a good-will gesture, swelled the crowd, if not the till.) And that is why day baseball is dying. The customers do not come. The television operators, who have done so much to turn a generation of youngsters away from baseball, want the games at night, when their audience is home instead of at work.

So this entire season only eight weekday ball games will be played at Shea Stadium. This year the All-Star game will be held at night, as will every weekday World Series game. (Until 1971 World Series games were all played in the daytime.)

And there will be fewer and fewer times when a baseball fan can call in sick or take a day off, then catch a bus or subway up to a stadium bathed in sunlight, sit back with a bad hot dog and a bottle of soda, and watch the game of baseball. More and more, the game will be played under harsh arc lights, illuminating but distorting, touching the green outfield grass with a surreal streak of yellow.

The old players and the writers will tell you that night baseball has hurt the game; it's thrown off the vision of the hitters, so critical to the exercise of hitting a baseball where the fielders ain't. It is no accident, they say, that major league baseball hasn't had a .400 hitter since 1941 and that .300 hitters are becoming increasingly rare.

Maybe so. But I am not a player. I am a watcher, one who likes to get to a game an hour before it starts, to watch the rituals of batting and fielding practice, to watch the movement of outfielders and baserunners under a warming sun. I am going to miss it. □

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Saturday Review of
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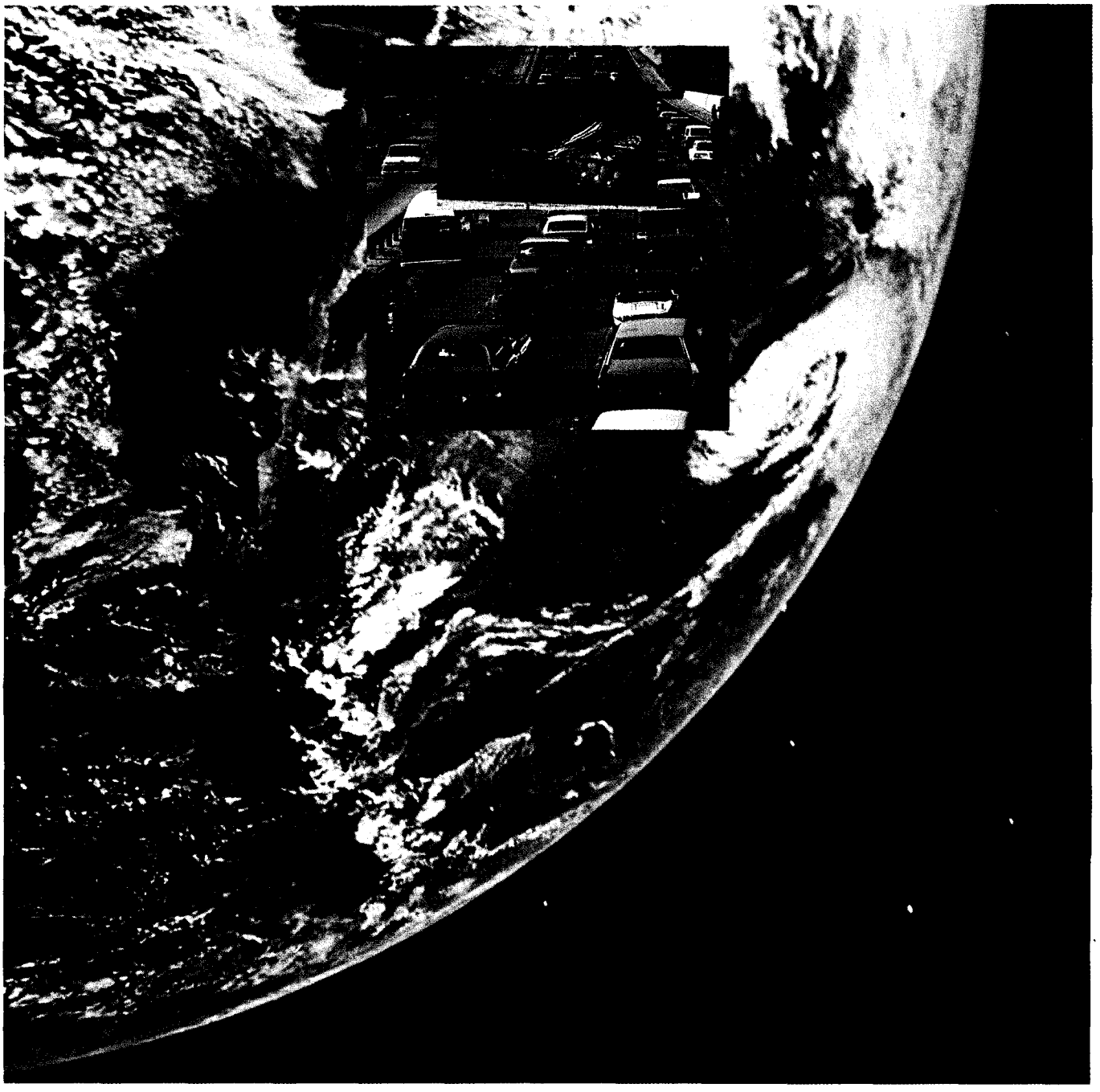

Is earth inhabited? Visitors from another part of the galaxy might not think so at first. In the satellite photograph above, for instance, there is no sign of life. If our galactic neighbors took a closer look, they would find this planet inhabited—but inhabited by what? Automobiles might be a good guess. Looking even closer—and considering numbers or degrees of social organization—they might just decide that the dominant creature on this planet is the insect. Again, not a bad guess.

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THE SEARCH FOR MAN'S RELATIVES AMONG THE STARS

BY JOHN LEAR

HISTORIC OPPORTUNITY: Is a generous person who can afford to spend $70 million of his own money willing to spend it in hunting for man's long-lost relatives far out among the stars? Will this person please contact Professor Melvin Calvin, Chairman, Committee on Science and Public Policy, National Academy of Sciences, Washington, D.C.

No classified advertisement of this nature has appeared in any newspaper or magazine—yet. However, such an ad would be an accurate paraphrase of a report published last week by the National Academy of Sciences.

Prepared by a special panel of two dozen astronomers who spent two years in its drafting, issued through the academy's Committee on Science and Public Policy, the unexpected document startled laymen and scientists alike by confirming earlier speculations that can be summarized roughly as follows:

During the last few years so many of the primitive molecules from which the building blocks of life on earth are made have been seen in the distant sky that the existence of life on the planets of many stars other than the sun can be taken for granted. The inhabitants of some of these planets must be at least as intelligent as we are, and it is logical to assume that they use the electromagnetic spectrum to communicate with each other over long distances, as we do. We could eavesdrop on their messages now if we tried hard enough. Because our own fate as a species ultimately depends on our willingness to recognize ourselves as evolving creatures in an evolving environment, we cannot afford to wait much longer before beginning to listen seriously for clues to the whereabouts of these remote civilizations, locate them, and try to engage them in conversation, pending the still unforeseeable time when discovery of new physical laws may allow us to visit them or permit them to visit us.

"At this instant," the academy panel's report asserted, "through this very document are perhaps passing radio waves bearing the conversations of distant creatures, which we could record if we but pointed an existing radio telescope in the right direction and tuned it to the proper frequency."

Then why isn't a major search for extraterrestrial intelligence already under way?

The report asked this question and then answered it by saying that the whole face of the heavens has been changed so drastically by new discoveries in the last ten years that hosts of bright young men are deserting physics for astronomy in order to share the excitement. The observing time of all available telescopes is consequently jammed. No telescope scheduler in any astronomical observatory can afford to disarrange his schedule to accommodate an inevitably prolonged watch.

The problem is not one of finding stars. Stars cannot serve as hosts to intelligent creatures. Star heat is far too intense to allow survival of biological systems sufficiently complex to develop consciousness and intelligent self-control. Only planets orbiting at safe distances from their parent stars can support intelligent life. Since planets do not shine of themselves and can only reflect starlight, they elude observation. Their presences must be deduced from apparent aberrations in the paths of the stars they accompany.

Up to half a century ago, the very existence of planets outside the solar system was questionable. Since then,

The light burst in the painting at right is caused by a pulsar in the Crab nebula. The tiny white dot near the painting's right margin is the pulsar, revolving thirty times a second. Spinning with it is its magnetic field—whirling electrons in glowing loops that ignite the sky and spit cosmic rays.

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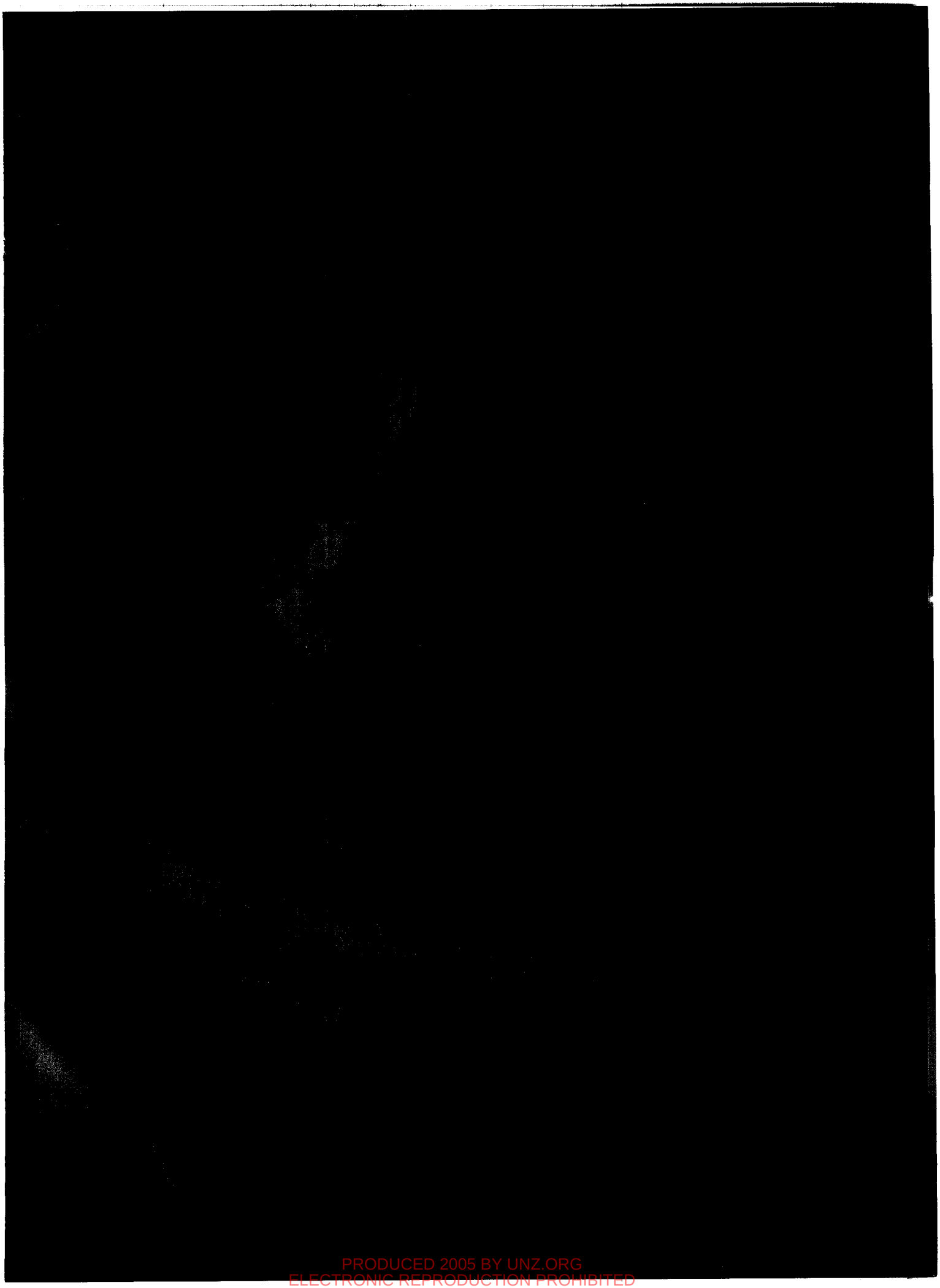

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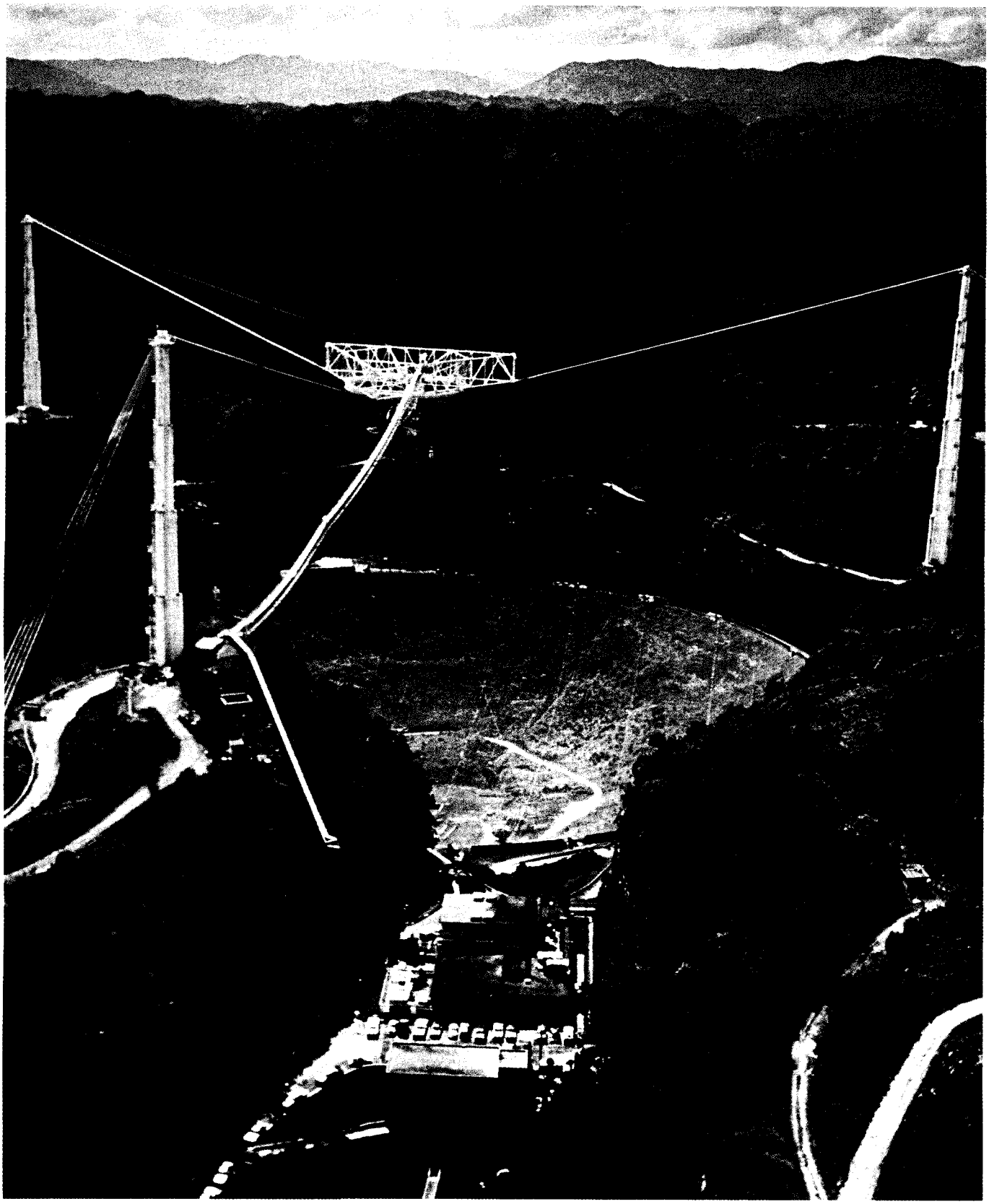

The most competent existing instrument
for finding intelligent life among the stars is
the 1,000-foot-wide, aluminum-skinned
saucer resting in a rock bowl in
the mountains of Puerto Rico near Arecibo.

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the seeing power of optical telescopes has been magnified many times and the listening power of radio telescopes has far exceeded the greatest of those magnifications. One result has been that during the last few years a dark body circling Barnard's star, one of the sun's closest neighbors, has been unequivocally identified as a planet. This assessment has caused the dark companions of other nearby stars to be thought of as probable planets. By applying cosmic statistics to the ratio between these neighboring planetary probabilities and the surmised total number of stars in the sky, astronomers have come up with estimates of the occurrence of planetary civilizations. According to these calculations: Within 10,000 light-years (sixty million billion miles) of earth are four million stars, one million planetary systems, 10,000 civilizations, one civilization of sufficiently advanced intelligence to be detectable from earth.

What "existing telescope" is capable of finding the one civilization of advanced intelligence that may be hidden among the 10,000 light-yeared time-and-space stack of four million stars? One pre-eminently competent candidate for the job is the 1,000-foot-wide, aluminum-skinned saucer resting in a rock bowl in the mountains of Puerto Rico near Arecibo. This great metal dish is the main instrument of the National Astronomy and Ionosphere Center, run by Cornell University under contract with the National Science Foundation. The center's director is Professor Frank D. Drake, who conducted the first abortive search for extraterrestrial intelligence with the eighty-five-foot radio telescope of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, West Virginia, a dozen years ago. Most conservative astronomers discounted Drake as a sensation monger in those days. But he was elected to the National Academy of Sciences shortly before last week's publication of the panel report. His election amounted to advance endorsement of the phrasing that he, as a panel member, had put into that report.

"Each passing year has seen the probability of life in space increase, along with our capabilities of detecting it," he wrote. "More and more scientists are recognizing that contact with other civilizations is no longer something beyond our dreams but an inevitable event in the history of mankind that will occur perhaps in the lifetime of many of us now alive."

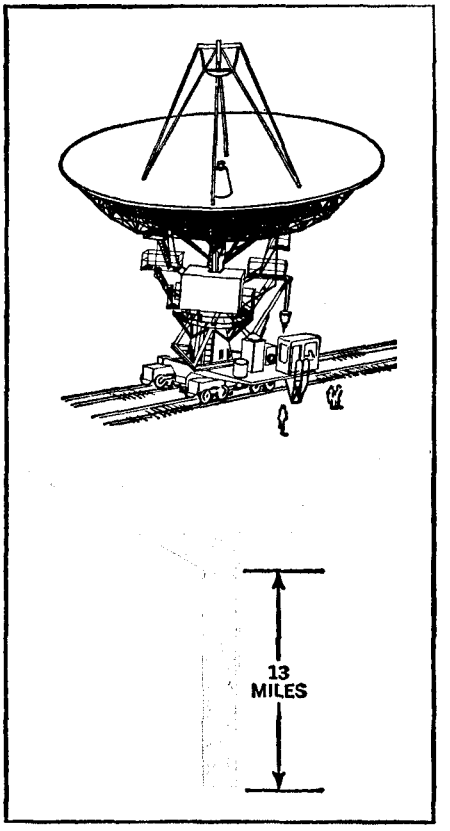
The discovery of other peoples millions of miles off in the heavens could happen accidentally at almost any moment, Drake's contribution to the panel report noted, "for many of the observations we now make . . . [use] methods that are suitable for detecting manifestations of intelligent life." In the relatively near future Drake and his colleagues on the panel "foresee the construction of major facilities . . . and the operation of a project that will have as its goal the detection of intelligent life elsewhere."

On the night in April 1960 when Drake began listening for messages from other civilizations through the eighty-five-foot radio receiving dish at the National Radio Astronomy Observatory, he gave me the privilege of being the only science writer on the premises. He extended the courtesy as a token of appreciation for *SR*'s willingness to open its pages to discussion of the likelihood of extraterrestrial intelligence (see "The Search for Intelligent Life on Other Planets," *SR*, Jan. 2, 1960). Recalling that circumstance, I recently asked Drake to be explicit about the major facilities he foresees and what sort of project he expects will develop.

His immediate reaction was to refer me to the text of the panel report. It assigned the highest priority to "a very large radio telescope with an ability to scan the universe to a much greater depth than heretofore and with unprecedented clarity," an instrument with which astronomers could apply a new observing technique called "aperture synthesis" to the detection of "incredibly faint signals" originating from "what we believe to be the edge of the observable universe."

Aperture synthesis consists of combining the signals received by two individual telescopes. The effect is to sharpen the common image, not simply to the extent expectable from addition of the areas of the two collecting surfaces, but to the total distance separating the dishes. If the separation is measurable in miles, the clarity of the image becomes exquisite. When the space between the two telescopes is interspersed with other telescopes, the information making up the image can be put together faster. Use of this technique has already improved radio pictures of the sky—normally faint and fuzzy—to a tenth of the sharpness of pictures taken by optical telescopes. Absolute parity with optical clarity is believed to be attainable, and the panel aimed at that goal.

Specifically recommended for construction was a Y-shaped array of twenty-seven receiving dishes, each eighty-five feet in diameter. The listening power of the Y will be equivalent to that of an electronic ear twenty-six miles across. The ear will be able to distinguish the radiation of one tiny source from the emissions of millions of other sources and will map gas clouds "in such detail that we will see the processes taking place in them."



The "aperture-synthesis" technique employs a Y-shaped array of twenty-seven radio telescopes to achieve the listening power of a single twenty-six-mile-wide electronic ear. Each telescope is eighty-two feet in diameter and, like a freight car, moves on tracks.

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Two-and-a-half months ago the National Science Foundation announced its selection of a 3,000-acre desert site for a VLA (very large array) radio telescope virtually identical with the one proposed by the academy panel. Slated to be placed fifty miles west of Socorro, New Mexico, this $76-million instrument will contain the twenty-seven collecting dishes prescribed by the panel. The only deviation from the prescription is a three-foot reduction in the diameter of each dish. The Y configuration of the array is retained with the stipulation that each of the three fingers of the Y be thirteen miles long and tracked like a railroad. The dishes will shuttle back and forth on the tracks like freight cars, seeking cargo from the heavens.

The academy panel did not ask that the twenty-six-mile-wide ear be permanently cocked for signs of the presence of extraterrestrial intelligence. The panel did not, in fact, advocate the allocation of any instruments, any time, or any astronomers to that task. Because they were asked to conduct their deliberations within the context of current federal budget constraints, the panel members did not even consider the $2-billion project they knew was being planned exclusively to search for distant civilizations.

Called Project Cyclops, after the one-eyed creature of Greek myth, it is based on an enormous device that is, in fact, an ear rather than an eye. A description of the device will be published later this month by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the American Society for Engineering Education. Last summer these two organizations brought a score of engineering school faculty members together for three months to function as a task force in design under Stanford University Visiting Professor Bernard Oliver. Professor Oliver is best known for the electronic devices he has invented.

If an unlimited amount of time, money, and man power were available for the search for interstellar civilizations, Project Cyclops would probably be the preferred instrument for the task. It would pack into one square, about two miles on a side, an almost solid array of radio telescopes that together could penetrate the great maze of stars that now obscures one edge of the universe from us who live near the opposite edge. Frank Drake and other astronomers would support the necessary government financing. But the academy panel accepted the reality that the much smaller and less costly radio telescope array now scheduled for installation in the New Mexico desert is the most that can be expected under prevailing budgetary conditions. And even that array will be beset by problems unmentioned in the academy panel's report.

Prior to my talk with Drake, I heard that the academy panel had almost disintegrated before its findings could be published. The information was vague, and my first interpretation of it was that Professor Jesse Greenstein, the California Institute of Technology conservative who chaired the panel, had been reluctant to pay any serious attention to the question of extraterrestrial intelligence. Not more than five years ago Greenstein had expressed vehement doubts about the likelihood of finding other civilizations.

Drake, however, told me my impressions were grossly wrong. He said Greenstein had insisted from the start that the panel report include an optimistic assessment of the prospects of finding civilizations elsewhere, and he had urged that Drake revise and strengthen his original presentation of the subject. Drake confirmed that a crisis occurred during the panel deliberations. It was precipitated by the panel's unavoidable emphasis on financial support for national observatories as opposed to support for funds for individual astronomers on university faculties. The problem stemmed from the recently accelerating shift in sources of research funds. Its effects are especially cramping to the extraterrestrial-civilization quest.

In former days, when privately endowed foundations and wealthy individual philanthropists paid a sizable share of the cost of astronomical observation, use of telescopes could be concentrated on the most intellectually exciting explorations; large blocks of time could be set aside for pursuit of a particular objective. Today the whole nation pays the astronomy-observation bill through taxation. The emphasis of research has moved from elitism to broad participation. Nationally financed facilities have become national institutions, to be shared by all who can meet a common standard.

For my benefit, Drake applied this new yardstick to the search for extraterrestrial intelligence. He estimated that the 1,000-foot telescope at Arecibo in all probability would take ten years to find another civilization *if* the telescope were employed for no other purpose than that. As a nationally owned facility, Arecibo could not possibly consider undertaking any such exclusive assignment. If the telescope conducted the civilization hunt on a half-time basis, the search would be stretched out to cover twenty years. But even half the time of a national facility would be too much to ask for a single purpose. Perhaps a quarter of the available time would be within range of the political realities. That would extend the search close to half a century. Would the elected public officials who control such matters be willing to risk popular restlessness

Popular Conceptions of Extraterrestrial Life

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over so long a fruitless wait? Drake thinks not, and I agree with him. For that reason I invented the classified advertisement that opened this essay.

If a private philanthropist would come forward with $70 million, a duplicate of the Arecibo telescope could be in place within five years (cost: $20 million; because of inflation, double the price of the original) and its operating budget ($2.5 million per year) guaranteed for twenty subsequent years. The builder could benefit from the Arecibo experience, which has demonstrated that a circular, solid rock bowl is not required to ensure the stability of the 1,000-foot receiving saucer. Twenty acres or so in any reasonably well-sheltered valley will do. The saucer could be strung like a suspension bridge from the hilltops on either side of the valley.

The whole of the observing time schedule of this instrument could be given over to the search if that were judged desirable. However, Drake does not think it would be because of the depressing monotony of the assignment. He recommends a half-time search, leaving the other half of the time to be divided among the most stimulating investigations that the most ingenious minds can conceive. Ingenuity would be at a premium; private financing would remove all necessity for egalitarian sharing.

Variegated cerebration at an inspired level could be provided through establishment of an Institute of Exobiology conveniently close to the telescope. Experiments in chemistry and biology could be linked with studies in astronomy, mathematics, and physics. The evolution of interstellar molecules could be matched against the emissions of normal stars, the eccentricities of freaks like the violent energy-spitting dwarf companion of supergiant Antares, and the long-known but never-explained behavior of Algol, "the demon star," which somehow extinguishes its light every couple of weeks and—after a period of darkness—lights up again.

Barring the appearance of the rich individual my invented ad invites, the search for interstellar civilizations almost certainly will be a patchwork thing governed less by deliberate design than by chance. If intelligently contrived messages are detected, they will be picked up accidentally, as side effects of other assignments that astronomers feel will deepen our knowledge of the heavens at the fastest possible pace. Five such investigations were emphasized in the panel's report.

The first of these is the oldest one and is known as "the cosmological problem." It amounts to this question: How big is the universe, what has been its history, what is its geometry?

Next on the preferred-assignment list is the definition of a quasar. Quasars are the most energetic objects in the sky. They are galaxies, but they have many characteristics of individual stars. From an area no larger than that occupied by the solar system, a typical quasar radiates energy equivalent to the annihilation of a million suns.

On the same level of interest as the quasars are the pulsars. Sixty of them have been identified. All of those so far located are within the Milky Way, our own galaxy. Pulsars are dense, highly energetic stars that rotate as many as thirty times per second. They control incredible bursts of energy with a spinning magnetic field that, if it could be mimicked on earth, would solve our electric power problems in one swoop.

Besides quasars and pulsars, telescopes have detected other phenomena so mysterious that they must be called simply "objects." Some emit only X rays; some are observable solely in the infrared. Each of these infrared objects radiates as much energy as do a hundred suns. All are pouring heat into gas clouds surrounding them, and the suspicion is that these clouds are pregnant with new stars, some accompanied by planets. The gas clouds also seem to be dust-walled factories for the assembly of molecules—the very same molecules from which experimenters in earthly laboratories, with the help of miniature lightning bolts, have produced amino-acid precursors of the only intelligent life we know of: ourselves.

Given these assignments, all closely impinging on the question of the existence of interstellar intelligence, the prospects for accidental discovery of at least one such intelligence are not overwhelmingly discouraging. The new observing facility proposals on which the academy panel bestowed its five highest priority recommendations for the next decade in astronomy would all support the search. Aside from the VLA already described, these instruments would include electronic auxiliaries capable of further sharpening the seeing power of optical telescopes, infrared detectors of greater sensitivity and versatility, an earth-orbiting telescope to keep continual watch on X-ray and gamma-ray emissions in the heavens, and a large microwave receiver for analyzing complex molecules. Even if this new corps of knowledge-seekers were not being recruited, my own personal estimate of Frank Drake does not allow me to suppose that he will fail to do what he can at Arecibo to help chance along.

Twice in the past—once in 1955 when, working on his doctoral thesis, he was mapping the twenty-one-centimeter spectral line of hydrogen in the Pleiades with the Harvard College radio telescope and again in 1960 while he listened to the star named Epsilon Eridani with the eighty-five-foot tele-

I HOPE THEY TOOK LOTS OF PRISONERS! OUR MARTIAN DUNGEONS ARE HUNGRY!
WHY, BLAST MY EYES! THERE'S ONLY ONE OF OUR MEN DOWN THERE! MUST HAVE BEEN A FIGHT!

Pictured left to right are inhabitants of the moon, Uranus, Venus, and Saturn as depicted by mid-nineteenth-century artists. The spear-wielding moon man was drawn in 1902. Martians are shown in a scene from the 1938 film "Mars Attacks the World" and in a frame from a 1942 Buck Rogers comic strip. The bug-eyed creatures are from the 1964 film "First Men on the Moon," and the final extraterrestrial is, of course, the Vulcan, Mr. Spock, from the television series "Star Trek." In contrast, modern astronomers expect to find virtual duplicates of ourselves.

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Today it is known that the darkened clouds
(such as the Orion nebula above) seen
through telescopes are walled with dust and may be factories
for the assembly of prebiotic molecules. These
molecules are identical with our earliest supposed precursors.

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scope at Green Bank—Drake felt the thrill of what he believed to be the discovery of a distant civilization. He has never forgotten either experience, despite the emotional letdowns that followed his realization that the messages he had picked up originated on earth. They had sneaked into the saucer from the side. These disappointments left him wary but not disillusioned.

The refining of the surface of Arecibo's 1,000-foot saucer, now under way, will allow him to hear across the full width of the universe. He could hardly permit this exceptional instrument to be outdone by any other telescope in the hunt for man's relatives in space. That there will be competition in the search is already assured by Dr. William C. Howard, assistant to the director of the National Radio Astronomy Observatory and scheduler of time on NRAO's 140-foot and 300-foot radio receiving dishes. Howard told me he hopes to free "up to a week a year" of listening time at Green Bank.

As I review my own long fascination with this quest, I am struck by the way history has turned in the direction pointed by half a dozen steadfast men. Among these resolutes is, of course, Frank Drake, who has never ceased believing in the existence of unearthly civilizations since he was an eight-year-old in South Chicago. Physicist Philip Morrison has almost as long a record of involvement; it was he, in company with Giuseppe Cocconi, who signed the first published plan for hunting remote intelligence and mailed it to the British journal *Nature* in 1969. Bernard Oliver's concern with the instruments required for the search was expressed as early as April 1960, when he went to Green Bank to see what auxiliary listening devices Drake had put on the eighty-five-foot telescope there. Carl Sagan was in correspondence on the subject of interstellar life with the brilliant Russian cosmologist Iosef Samuilovich Shklovskii in 1962, the year in which theorist Sebastian von Hoerner began his calculations on the longevity of technical civilizations—their ability to survive boredom and self-destructive impulses.

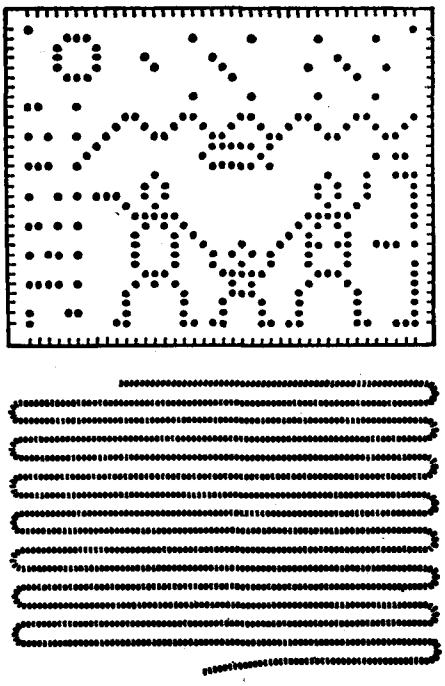
This group of intellectual constants has moved like a fixed constellation through a sky that meanwhile changed so much as to be unrecognizable. When the late Otto Struve in the 1940s gave the first of his now famous lectures on the probable relationship between slow-spinning stars and planetary systems (encouraging Drake to think how suitable habitats for his long-imagined peoples might originate), there was no scientific evidence to support any notion of a universally dominant life-giving chemistry. Today, as I noted earlier, it is known that the distant heavens contain vast clouds of prebiotic molecules. Throughout Struve's lifetime, however, it was assumed that the ubiquity of ultraviolet radiation in extraterrestrial space would annihilate all conceivable combinations of atoms. Now it is virtually established that vast screens of dust spewed by stellar explosions shield the molecule-laden clouds from external bombardment and at the same time give the molecules a place to rest long enough to couple with other molecules and atoms. Finally, there was in Struve's day no accepted explanation for the cosmic radiation that rained upon the primitive earth and supplied the energy for the infinite mutations that brought earthly life into being. Today the pulsars are identified as the source of all the cosmic rays. In short, the major makings of life are the same everywhere, as far out as the stars go.

When Morrison and Cocconi outlined their plan for detection of life among the stars, they assumed that the distant peoples would be moved by curiosity on the same plane as our own. The existence of powerful probing beams from the planets of other stars was taken for granted. It was thought that all we needed to do was locate those beams. Today's approach is much more sophisticated.

The academy panel recognized, for example, that there are no known physical laws to prohibit the disassembly of a planet like Jupiter and the reassembly of the constituent material into a sphere surrounding the sun to contain all the solar energy. If some distant civilization has accomplished this feat, the presence of that people would be almost undetectable. Civilizations somewhat less advanced but still superior to ours would indubitably make more effective use of available energy than we do. Our principal hope of discovering them would be to overhear the muted conversations through which they govern their daily affairs.

I find it sad that the late Lloyd Berkner, who headed Associated Universities in 1959 and had among his responsibilities the then new National Radio Astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, did not survive to enjoy last week's National Academy of Sciences' vindication of his 1959 decision to allow Frank Drake to use Green Bank's eighty-five-foot telescope for 200 hours of peeking in the direction of man's relatives far away. I cannot feel the same regret about Struve, to whom Drake (then age twenty-nine) reported at the Green Bank Observatory.

I remember too well what Struve told me then: "My intelligence accepts the statistical certainty that other intelligences exist beyond the earth. But I hope I don't live to witness their discovery. Emotionally I am not prepared for that." Are you? □



Years ago astronomer Frank Drake imagined a message a distant people might send. It was in binary arithmetic code (made up of zeros and ones) and contained 1,271 bits of data. The message is shown in the snakelike string above. A cryptographer would notice that 1,271 is 31 times 41 and would arrange the message in 31 lines, each containing 41 bits. This would produce the scheme of dots at top, a display literally packed with information. It tells the receiver, for example, that the senders are two-legged, bisexual mammals (the man, woman, and child in the display) and that they are dependent on a star (the square at upper left) that has eight planets. The man is pointing to planet four, his home. The wavy line opposite planet three and the fish symbol below it suggest that the planet has water and would be a good place to explore.

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"Men confuse sterilization with castration, and even if reassured, many cannot resolve this anxiety."

WHO'S AFRAID OF VASECTOMY?

BY MARVIN GROSSWIRTH

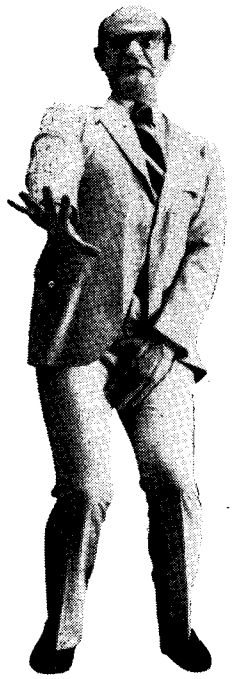
In 1970 a total of 750,000 men underwent vasectomies. Another 800,000 had the operation in 1971, and an estimated one million more will be sterilized in 1972.

But nobody knows or is prepared to guess how many men thought about having a vasectomy, shuddered at the very word, and rejected the idea. Some, of course, balked for religious reasons. For most of the others—many of them well-educated, highly sophisticated, and completely opposed to having more children—however, vasectomy is a nightmare to be avoided at almost any cost.

The reason that the uneducated fear a vasectomy is clear: Sterilization is equated with castration and with impotence. But even among those who should know better, there is still a strong resistance to vasectomy.

The objections almost never arise from the surgery itself, which is a relatively simple matter. A surgeon, usually a urologist, makes a small incision in one side of the scrotum, gently pulls out the spermatic cord, and locates the *vas deferens,* from which he excises a small section. The ends are tied off, and the three-quarter-inch incision is closed. The procedure is then repeated on the other side.

The *vasa deferentia* are two thin tubes—each about three millimeters in diameter—that convey sperm from the testicles to the urethra, where they are commingled with the other components of the ejaculate. After the operation the patient is, for all practical purposes, sterile. Some initial precautionary measures are nevertheless required. Because of the possible presence of sperm that may still be alive in the seminal vesicles and other parts of the reproductive organs at some point beyond the place where the *vas* was cut, the patient must continue to use contraceptives until his physician has given him a negative sperm count. It may take anywhere from three to ten ejaculations after the operation for the body to flush out all viable sperm. Some experts recommend two negative sperm counts; still others suggest that vasectomized men be re-examined a year after the operation to be checked



Marvin Grosswirth is a freelance writer whose next book, *The Truth About Vasectomy*, written in collaboration wth Dr. Louis J. Rosenfeld, will be published in early 1973 by Prentice-Hall.

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for spontaneous reanastomosis, the body's natural tendency to heal itself and rejoin the severed ducts. Although spontaneous reanastomosis rarely occurs, there have been cases of vasectomized men who thought they were sterile but who later became fathers.

Vasectomy, which usually takes about twenty minutes, is considered simple surgery and is most often performed in the doctor's office or in an outpatient clinic. There is a little postoperative pain, and this can usually be relieved by two or three aspirins. Most vasectomies are performed on Friday afternoons so that the patient can relax over the weekend, but it is not unusual for a man to return to work the day after his operation. Normal sexual activity usually can be resumed in two or three days. The incisions heal within a couple of days, during which time it may be necessary to change the dressing—a Band-Aid—once or twice.

A vasectomy in no way affects the testicles and therefore has no connection at all with the production of hormones. Physiologically, then, masculinity is not affected; even sexual performance and activity are not physically affected. Although there are no sperm, the reduction in the volume of ejaculate is so insignificant that it is unnoticeable. If a man did not tell his sexual partner that he had been vasectomized, she would have no way of knowing. There are no scabs, no visible scars, no change in the size, shape, or appearance of the genitalia, no deformities of any kind. The only difference between a man who has been vasectomized and one who has not is that the former is incapable of making a woman pregnant once there are no more sperm in his ejaculate. The psychological difference, however, is another story, and whether that story has a happy ending or turns into a tale of woe depends largely on the parcel of emotions the patient brings with him into the doctor's office.

Dr. Helen Edey, a psychiatrist who serves as chairman of the executive committee of the Association for Voluntary Sterilization and who also counsels all vasectomy candidates at the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau's New York vasectomy clinic, points out that, though studies are constantly being conducted on vasectomized men, no one seem to be investigating the motivations, or lack of them, among men who refuse even to consider a vasectomy. Still, there are some basic psychological facts of life that enable Dr. Edey to make certain assumptions.

"A lot of men," she told me, "unconsciously are very insecure about their masculinity. They're not saying to themselves, 'Let's see. I'm insecure about my masculinity, so I may work myself into something.' But they are unconsciously very insecure about it, and anything which reverberates in their minds as a threat, or which at some point in their lives they have felt as a threat, reawakens the insecurity, and they just can't accept this hypothetical threat even if their knowledge tells them it isn't there." In an article in *New York Medicine* (August 1970), Dr. Edey wrote: "Men confuse sterilization with castration, and even if reassured, many cannot resolve this anxiety. I believe that male doctors are not immune to this problem." It can hardly inspire confidence in the patient if the physician secretly or unconsciously harbors the belief that vasectomy turns the patient into a *castrato*.

This line of thought persists even among men who are ready, willing, and anxious to be vasectomized. Jim Bouton, sports commentator, best-selling author, and former baseball star, told me: "In spite of what I had read about it, I insisted on a local anesthetic. I wanted to keep an eye on the guy with the knife. If it was everything he said it was, fine, but I didn't want to wake up surprised."

Writer Bailey Alexander, oppressed with a similar anxiety, took a completely opposite approach, insisting on a general anesthetic: "I wasn't about to be awake in the event my most cherished possession was accidentally snipped off like a wilted geranium."

Both of these men expressed concern over an accident. Consciously, at least, they understood that sterilization is not castration or impotence. But others who also understand the difference nevertheless still refuse to consider vasectomy. The problem goes deeper than castration versus noncastration. There is another side of the issue that I have labeled—in honor of a Latin-American friend who becomes physically ill at the mere mention of the word "vasectomy"—the *machismo* factor.

For many men masculinity is directly connected to the ability to make babies. Contraception historically has been a male responsibility so that the man, in effect, has control over the pregnancy of the woman. (The diaphragm and intrauterine devices, while technically female-controlled contraceptives, are not foolproof, and conception is still possible—as long as the man is fertile.) Several psychological studies have shown that, when contraception was removed from the ultimate power of men by the introduction of the Pill, many men suffered insecurity and uncertainty regarding their role in life. It is that baby-making power that makes up a major portion of the *machismo* factor.

Charles Hanley (not his real name) offers a perfect example of the *machismo* factor in action. At forty-nine, Hanley is a successful insurance executive. He has three children, the oldest of whom is in college. He and his forty-three-year-old wife do not want any more children, although both are quite capable of producing them and should remain so for several years.

"If I couldn't make a woman pregnant," Hanley says, "I wouldn't feel like a man. Somehow it would take something out of the sex act." But isn't he doing everything he can now to avoid making his wife pregnant? "Well, yes," he admits, "but the choice is mine. A vasectomy removes the possibility of pregnancy; it takes away the element of choice." But isn't it true that the choice of being vasectomized is his alone to make? "Yes, but I would never be able to change my mind." Does he intend, at this stage of his life, to change his mind? "Well, no," he says, "but still. . . ."

Hanley's wife agrees with him. She was asked what her reaction would be if Charles were to become sterile—not voluntarily, but because of an accident or because of a prostatectomy. (Surgeons almost always perform a vasectomy along with a prostatectomy to eliminate possible reinfection in the area of the prostate and to forestall other complications.) "I know it's wrong," she says, "but it *would* make a difference. I know all the arguments. He would still be the same wonderful husband he's been all these years. We don't plan to have any more children anyway. What difference could it possibly make? The answer is, I don't know. I just know it wouldn't be the same."

According to Dr. James A. FitzGerald, an obstetrician-gynecologist in Water-

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Some of the marchers in the vasectomy parade may not be ready for the climactic closing ceremonies.

town, New York, Mrs. Hanley is not alone in her views. In an article in *Medical Insights* (January 1972), Dr. FitzGerald makes the claim that "to some wives, the performance of *vas* ligation in the male has overtones of willful mutilation. The reasons for the surgery are thought to involve aspects of male personal selfishness; the results of the surgery may be disturbing because of its irrevocability." The vague disturbances that unsettle the wives of vasectomized men manifest themselves in interesting, if contradictory, ways, according to Dr. FitzGerald. While some wives feel that their sterile husbands may now be more attractive to other women, at the same time they find themselves judging their husbands' performances as lovers. "Deficiencies in sexual capabilities, which may have existed before *vas* ligation," he reports, "are now blamed on the operation." Increased menstrual flow and cramps have also been reported by women whose husbands have been vasectomized—clearly psychological reactions.

Unfortunately, Dr. FitzGerald neglects to give statistics; there is no way of knowing whether he is talking about 6 women or 600. He does admit that "the group I am describing is not numerous; but it exists. The majority of wives agreeing to male *vas* ligation accept the alteration in their husbands with relief rather than with an adverse emotional response." Relief, in fact, is something of an understatement. Many women view their husbands' sterilization with enthusiasm.

Almost all vasectomized men share that enthusiasm, provided they have been able to conquer some of the typical obstacles to sterilization. Religion is one. Sterilization is proscribed for Orthodox Jews, Muslims, and Roman Catholics. Dr. Edey reports that a number of Catholics, however, have got around this prohibition. They claim that every time they use a contraceptive they commit a sin, which must be confessed. Sterilization, on the other hand, involves only one sin, which they must confess only once. Regardless of whether this "solution" is acceptable to the church, the fact remains that many Catholic men choose to become sterilized. In a 1963 study of "330 couples who chose vasectomy as a form of birth control," Professors Judson T. Landis and Thomas Poffenberger reported that "19 per cent of the men and 24 per cent of the wives were Catholic."

The most realistic concern of men considering vasectomy is that the operation must be regarded as irreversible. Should an accident or divorce suddenly leave the man without a family, his chances of starting a new one are, for all practical purposes, nonexistent. *Vasovasostomy*—the surgical technique of rejoining a severed *vas*—is successful in anywhere from 20 to 80 per cent of all attempts, depending on which report you read or which physician you talk to. However, even if vasovasostomy is surgically successful, there is less than a 25 per cent chance that the man will be fertile again. Even though sperm cells in a vasectomized man have nowhere to go, the testicles continue to manufacture them. The unused sperm are absorbed into the blood stream and disposed of in the same way in which the body constantly disposes of other unneeded cells. But, for some reason as yet unknown, antibodies are formed in vasectomized men that act against the sperm. Another problem occurs in the sympathetic nervous system of the *vas*, essential in moving the sperm through the ducts. Once the *vas* is severed, this nervous system ceases to function and often does not start up again even after a surgically successful vasovasostomy.

Several physicians now are experimenting with various techniques to occlude the *vas* without actually severing it. Beads that block the passage and clips that shut off the flow have been used with some success. One of the more promising experiments is being conducted with a valvelike device equipped with a kind of on-off switch. Theoretically, once the valve is inserted in the *vas*, it would be a simple matter for a surgeon to turn it to the "on" position whenever a patient wants his fertility restored. While the valve has proved successful in animal experimentation, it is only now being tried on humans, and the jury is still out. In any event there is no reason to assume that the same problems—the development of antibodies and the nonfunctioning of the sympathetic nervous system of the *vas*—will not occur with the occlusive devices.

Adoption, often suggested as an alternative, is becoming increasingly difficult. As abortion laws become more liberalized, there are fewer and fewer babies, especially Caucasian babies, available for adoption. Conceding that transracial adoption often is encouraged and in fact has been practiced by many couples, it is not an acceptable or satisfactory solution for most.

Semen banks, recently given considerable play in the press, are gaining popularity among vasectomy candidates as a solution to the irreversibility problem. The banks agree to freeze semen in liquid nitrogen for a ten-year period, during which time a physician may, at the "depositor's" request, make a withdrawal with which to artificially inseminate the client's wife. But the banks offer only a 65-70 per cent likelihood of successful impregnation, and the American Public Health Association recently cautioned men not to rely on their frozen sperm's remaining viable for more than sixteen months. Spokesmen for the semen banks insist that the ten-year viability of frozen sperm has been demonstrated, but they admit that scientific studies have not yet been published in the professional literature. Still, the semen-bank concept continues to grow. Several such banks now are located at university research centers. As techniques are improved, it is reasonable to expect that the success rate will also improve. One semen-bank operator told me: "I see no reason why frozen sperm shouldn't remain viable after a hundred years or more." He was only half-joking.

Most couples who agree on vasectomy tend to assume an "it-can't-happen-to-us" attitude toward the loss or dissolution of their families. There is considerable justification for such an assumption. While the distinct possibility of an entire family's being wiped out in one devastating blow certainly exists, the odds against its happening are very much in the family's favor. As for the marriage's breaking up, this, too, is unlikely. Vasectomies, like babies, neither destroy nor improve a marriage per se. If a marriage is on shaky ground, a major event like a vasectomy—or having a baby—can attack the already weak foundation. Similarly, if a marriage is stable and solid and shows every indication of lasting, a vasectomy—again, like having a baby—can strengthen the relationship, as long as both husband and wife agree that it is what they want.

Continued on page 45

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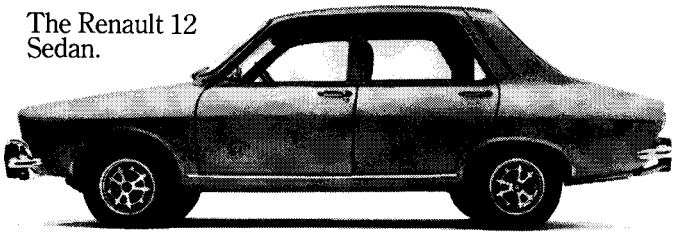
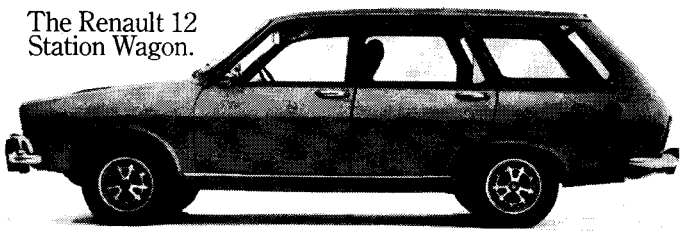
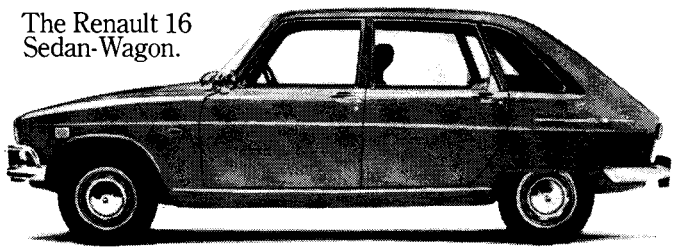


The Renault 12 Station Wagon.



The Renault 16 Sedan-Wagon.



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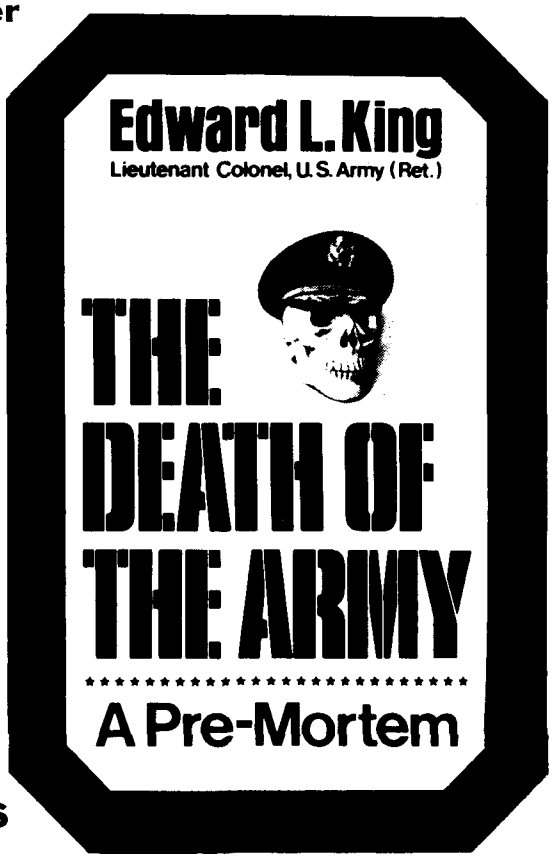

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For many men masculinity is directly connected to the ability to make babies.

By closing the door on unwanted pregnancy, a couple opens the way to free, uninhibited sex, unhampered by worry, fear, side effects from the Pill, or clumsy fumbling with mechanical contraceptives that do not always work. Sterilization can and does make a good situation better. But it also will make a bad situation worse. When vasectomy is resorted to as a magical cure-all for marital ills, disaster almost invariably follows.

In 1964 Family Service–Travelers Aid of Des Moines, Iowa, made a study of twenty-six couples that had agreed to sterilization for the husband. Granting that the number is too small for me to draw significant conclusions, the cases do demonstrate how vasectomies can be harmful. The researchers felt that "this group of couples manifest marked immaturity both in their courtship patterns and in their marriages. . . . Many are 'impulse ridden,' given to seeking a simple way out—a 'magical solution,' as it were, of personal problems. . . . When the going gets tough in any area, they look for a quick, easy way out." When vasectomy fails to provide that out, "divorce or separation becomes the next simple solution."

Other researchers support these findings. In a study of seventy-three vasectomized men (reported on in *Psychosomatic Medicine*, July-August 1967), "three men stated that they felt less satisfied with their sexual lives after the operation. Each had a pre-existing potency difficulty that was aggravated after the operation." Thus, if a man submits to the surgeon's scalpel when he is burdened with self-doubts, immaturity, and a host of sexual hang-ups, and if he is in search of a magical solution to his real or imagined ills, he is probably making a mistake by being vasectomized. And the possibilities of correcting this mistake are slim, at least surgically. Psychoanalysis may help, but it would be more useful to seek out such assistance before, rather than after, vasectomy.

Most men seem to sense this. One of the more difficult research tasks that confronted me was to locate men who had had vasectomies and were dissatisfied. They exist, but they are few. The most liberal counts estimate that only 3 per cent of all vasectomized men would not go through with it again, given the chance. Clearly, a self-selection factor operates at a very high level of efficiency. In other words, men who should not be vasectomized are not likely to be vasectomized.

But what about the men who do become sterilized? Can it be assumed, from all that has been said, that they "have their heads together," that they are self-assured, confident about their manhood and sexuality, happy in their marriages, mature and realistic in their outlook? In a word, yes. A forty-three-year-old economics researcher, recently vasectomized, told me: "Look, making babies isn't a sign of manhood. Caring about your wife and family, providing for them, having an active and enjoyable sex life—that's what I call being a man. Divorce? Forget it. After nineteen years my wife and I are happier than we've ever been. We've got two wonderful kids, and we don't want any more. I love my wife, and I don't want her taking pills for the next eight or ten years. That's being a man, in my mind." And if his wife should die? "I'll worry about that if and when the time comes. But right now, my life is with her; we make our life together. That's what I have to think about."

The only sexual "problem" such men have is concern over an unwanted pregnancy. Despite the apparent safety of the Pill, many couples are uneasy about the wife's having to rely on ingested chemicals over a long period of time. Other contraceptive techniques are considerably less than 100 per cent trustworthy, and all are bothersome, especially if the couple is certain that they want no more children.

Some want no children at all. "I've seen a number of couples," Dr. Edey told me, "who have a way of life they enjoy. They both work, they don't want children or they dislike children, and they seem to have what will be a lasting marriage." Dr. Edey sees no reason why the male partners in such couples should not be vasectomized.

For most couples, sex after vasectomy is about the same as it was before. But for many, the difference borders on the spectacular. One of the most important surveys of vasectomized men was undertaken in 1969 by the Simon Population Trust (SPT), which operates a vasectomy clinic in Cambridge, England. Reporting on 1,012 men one year after their vasectomies, the SPT stated that, although 5 couples reported a change for the worse in their sex lives, 579 reported a change for the better. Landis and Poffenberger reported that 75 per cent of their respondents were more satisfied with their sex lives after the vasectomy. "The larger majority reported that there had been an increase in enjoyment of the sexual act." Furthermore, 70 per cent claimed they experienced greater sexual desire. Here there was an interesting correlation to religion: "Of the Catholic men, 52 per cent reported increase in sexual desire after the vasectomy in contrast to 35 per cent of the Protestant men reporting increased desire."

No doubt as a direct result of increased desire and heightened pleasure, coital frequency also was stepped up among vasectomized men, even among those who, by virtue of their age, should have shown a decline in frequency. Women, too, have responded well. SPT claimed that nearly eight in ten women "report improvement in their sexual lives." Happy husbands claim that their wives, relieved of the fear of unwanted pregnancy, are more responsive, have longer and more frequent orgasms, and initiate sex play more frequently.

The fact that reactions to vasectomy run the entire scale from decidedly negative to decidedly positive seems to support the strong psychological impact the operation can have on both husband and wife. A vasectomy accomplishes only one thing: It prevents sperm from being ejaculated, making the man incapable of impregnating a woman. Physiologically, nothing else happens. Yet men who had sexual problems before vasectomy complain of impotence, diminished sexual drive, and reduced self-esteem after the operation. (One man swore that "a friend" lost his beard after a vasectomy. The fact that the "friend" lost none of his other secondary male characteristics made no impression whatever. I suggested that the "friend" could have been struck by a train after the vasectomy but that would not necessarily mean the two events were related. The suggestion was rejected.) However, men with positive feelings about vasectomy report everything from better erections to sudden "cures" of premature ejaculation.

The response among women is equally spectacular. Dr. FitzGerald states that among his group "pelvic

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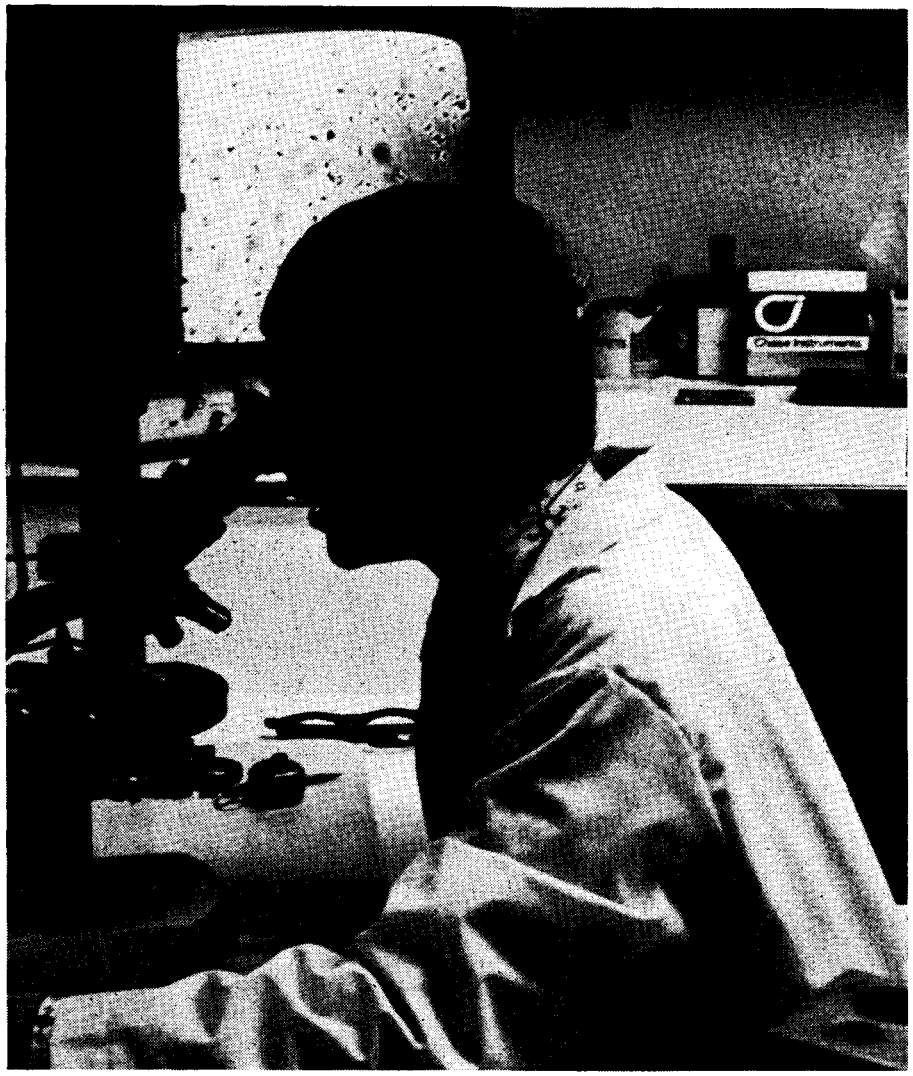
"I see no reason why frozen sperm shouldn't remain viable for a hundred years or more."



pain was a common feature" and that some women complained of metromenorrhagia (uterine bleeding) and dysmenorrhea (menstrual cramps). But the article in *Psychosomatic Medicine* cited earlier says: "The improvement in the health of the wives . . . runs a gamut from decreased menstrual anxiety, through the psychosomatic borderlands of less fatigue and lethargy, to improvement in varicose veins. . . ."

The Simon Population Trust corroborates these findings. Thirty-one per cent of the wives and 11.4 per cent of the husbands interviewed reported improvements in their general health. "This improvement in nearly a third of the wives," concludes the SPT, "can scarcely be attributed to physical causes; relief from anxieties must have been chiefly responsible."

A general feeling of well-being, increased and improved sexual activity, and a marked sense of relief are all manifestations of voluntary sterilization among emotionally mature people. However, one of the signs of emotional immaturity and insecurity is a strong desire to keep up with the Joneses, to follow the crowd. The crowd moving in the direction of vasectomy is getting bigger and bigger, and there is a possibility that some of the marchers joining the parade may not be ready for the climactic closing ceremonies. Whether the crowd includes those who joined merely for the sake of joining is still open to question. The fact that the crowd is rapidly growing is, however, beyond doubt.

Dr. Edey tells of a policeman who came to the Sanger clinic for a vasectomy. He had to be reassured that no one would know of the operation other than those directly involved in it. But a few weeks later another officer from the same precinct station appeared, and he was soon followed by still others. Before long it seemed to Dr. Edey that the entire precinct had been vasectomized.

It is not difficult to figure out what happened. Whether vasectomy of the second policeman occurred because the first one told him about it or whether it was coincidental, at some point vasectomy must have become a topic of conversation in the locker room or the patrol car. It is reasonable to assume that similar conversations are going on all over the country—during coffee breaks, on the golf course, at the bowling alley, during bridge games and cocktail parties, and at PTA meetings, country-club dances, and

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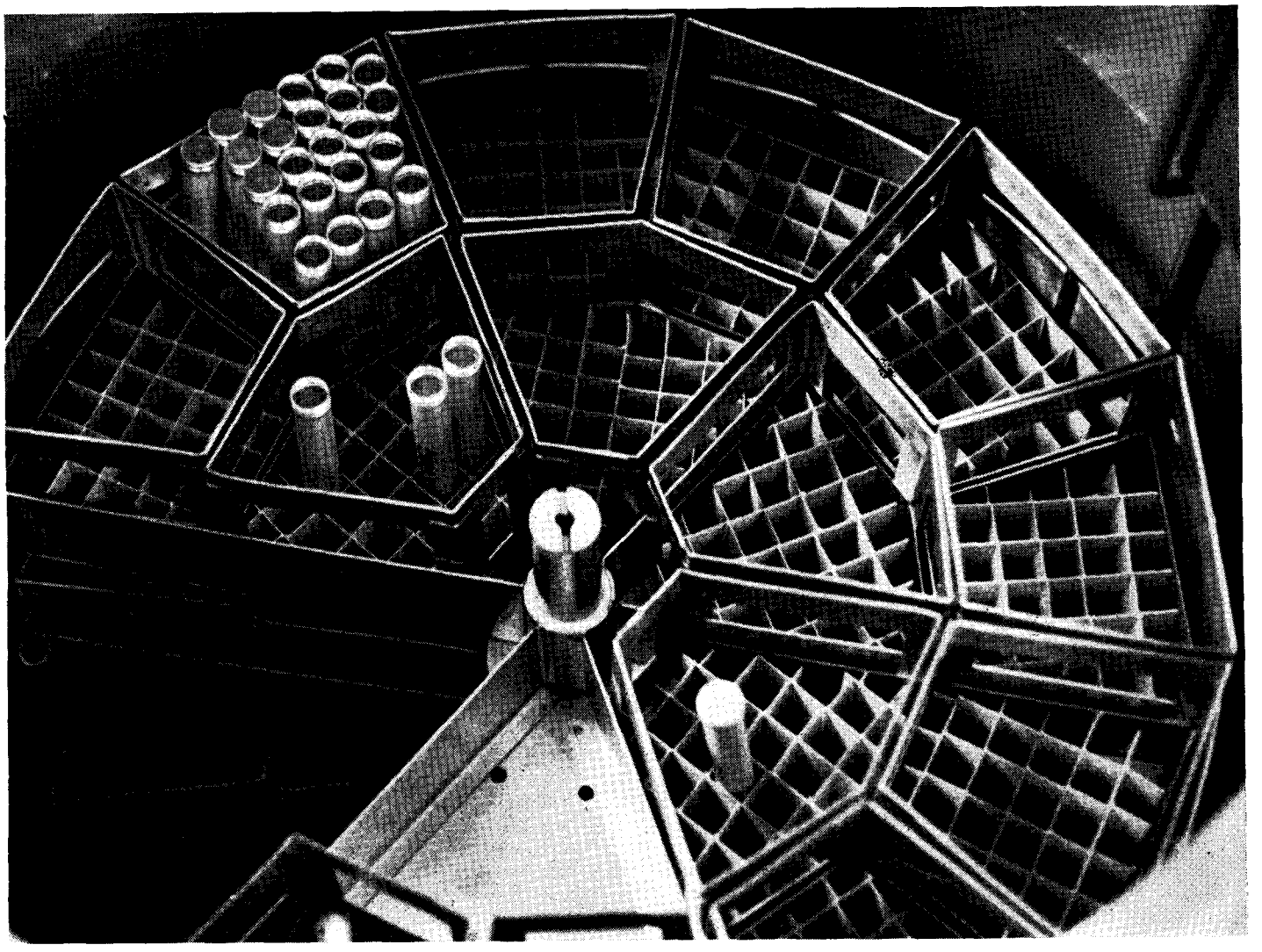

One of a number of semen banks in operation now, the Idant Company in New York City accepts credit cards (top left). The researcher at far left is examining a specimen through a microscope; what he sees is displayed on the television screen in the background. Assured by an electric sign that the freezing system is secure, a technician (middle left) processes a specimen. The honeycombed structure above is the inside of a tank in which semen is stored in liquid nitrogen, supposedly for as long as ten years.

church socials. No matter how effective birth control and family-planning organizations may be, they cannot even come close to equaling the impact of word-of-mouth advertising.

Inevitably, the importance of emotional and marital stability as a prerequisite for vasectomy, coupled with the increasing popularity of the operation, raises the question of the physician's role as counselor and adviser. Certainly he should inform the vasectomy candidate of all the physiological aspects of the operation, of the likelihood—or, rather, the unlikelihood—of reversibility and of the importance of having the prospective patient's wife agree to the operation. But how far beyond that should the doctor go? All the experts support what the studies show—vasectomies are recommended only for stable marriages. Whether a urologist, however, is competent to judge marital stability is open to debate. It may be argued that a surgeon is no more equipped to perform "quickie" psychoanalysis than a psychiatrist is equipped to perform "quickie" surgery.

In the final analysis, the answer may lie with the patient. It is his decision to make: It probably should be his responsibility to consider all the possibilities and contingencies so that he can make that decision intelligently.

Perhaps the publicity that the topic of vasectomy is being given serves to cloud some of the psychological issues involved. Though the self-selection factor appears to be working with remarkable efficiency, there is the possibility that vasectomy will become a fad, like having oneself tattooed—only with implications that are far more serious. □

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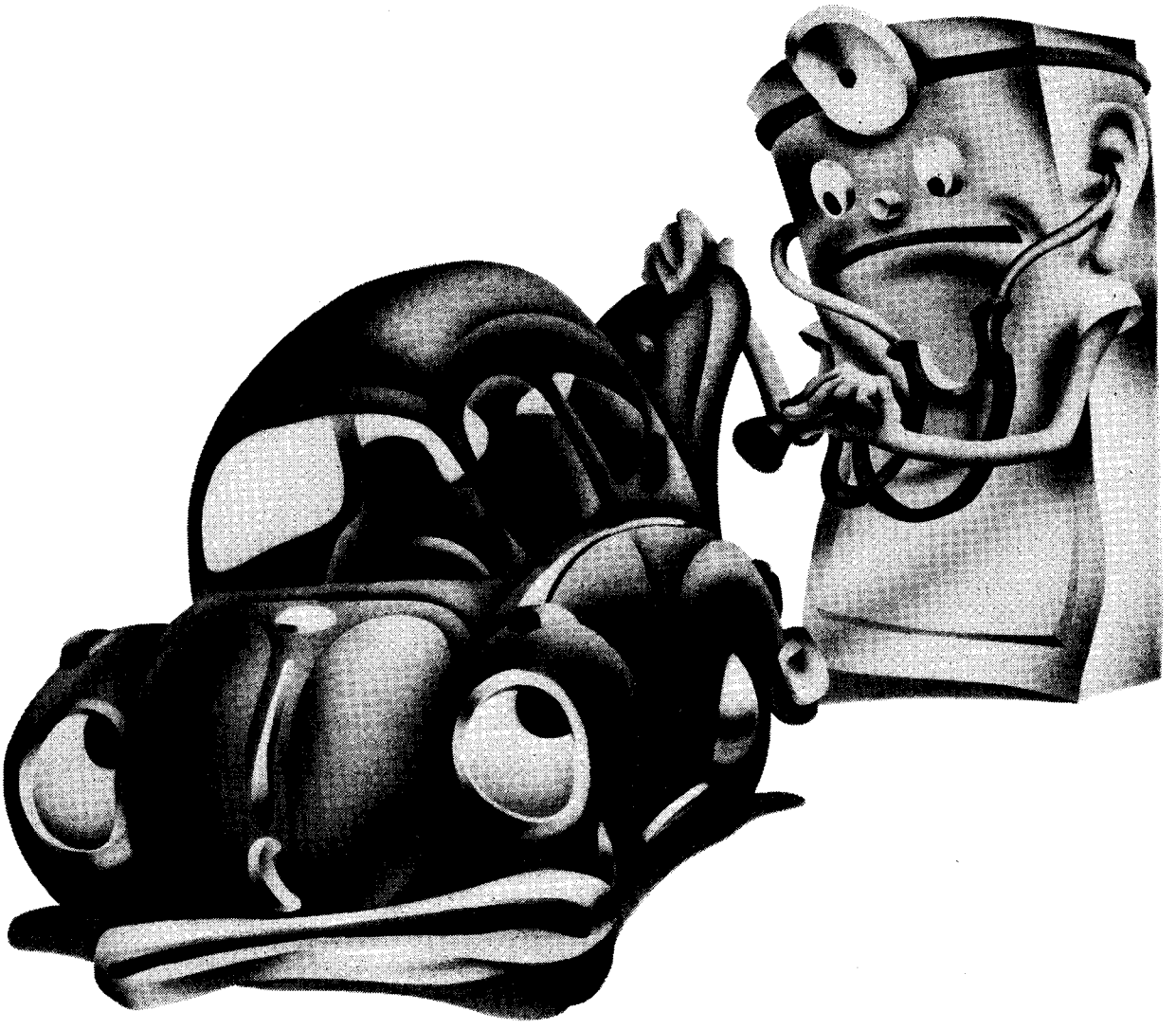

THE BUG MEETS THE BRAIN

BY TONY CHIU

Sometime this fall a Volkswagen owner somewhere will drive into a VW dealer's service department. There a mechanic will plug a cable into a socket in the car's engine compartment. Some twenty-two minutes later the computer at the other end of the cable—a veritable electronic Marcus Welby—will spit out a sheet detailing the condition of sixty systems and components.

DRAWING BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

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Recently, on television and in print, Apollo astronaut Edwin "Buzz" Aldrin has been touting the wonders of Volkswagen's new Computerized Self-Analysis System. According to Buzz, "In analogy with the manned space flight programs, past, present, and future, which pioneered computer check-out systems, the present VW system compares with the early Mercury flights of Shepard, Grissom, and Glenn."

Admittedly, this is an overstatement, much like claiming that the Bridge of San Luis Rey compares with San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge. The principle is the same, but there is just a slight difference in technological sophistication. Aldrin's hyperbole is forgivable, however, for, if any of Detroit's conservative auto makers had invented such a system, they probably would have demanded no less a spokesman than, say, Richard Nixon. The system is that revolutionary, in both its consumer orientation and its technology.

Since the Model A the average car owner traditionally has been left in the dark about the condition of his vehicle. It is this tradition that the VW system shatters. By incorporating special wiring and sensors into the VW and by devising a relatively simple computer hookup, the company has modernized a stagnant field.

Auto makers to date have provided the driver with only the most minimal information—gas level, coolant temperature, oil pressure, and battery charge—via dashboard gauges and idiot lights. To check such features as wheel alignment, cylinder compression, and engine timing, the driver has to hand over his car to Morgan and his pirates down at the local garage. This is an expensive experience, and the results are often inaccurate. It is expensive because labor runs high, and the same greasy hands that smudge the steering wheel must also hook up and unhook various testing devices scattered through the garage. The results are frequently inaccurate because few service stations can afford the necessary equipment, and because the mechanic, who may or may not be properly trained, must use his judgment in interpreting test results.

In the late 1960s Ford and Volkswagen pioneered efforts to improve diagnostic service. They built centers in which the necessary test equipment was clustered around a bay. Check-out time was cut to about an hour, and bills plummeted. But the final evaluation at these centers is still subject to human error. The Computerized Self-Analysis System, however, changes the picture. "For the first time in the automotive industry," says VW of America project manager Karl Keller, "we have diagnostic tools based completely on how the car is built."

The diagnostic system was conceived in 1967 by Volkswagenwerk AG of Germany. Three years later Siemens AG, a major manufacturer of electrical equipment, began the design of the prototype. The result is more a case of ingenious technology than of scientific breakthrough.

Inside the car very few components were added: primarily several sensors in key areas and a socket the size of a cigarette package in the engine compartment. The major change was the patching of the VW's normal wiring system into the socket. This network, built into every new VW since mid-1971, transmits both computer input and feedback. Volkswagen claims that its vehicles built between 1965 and 1971 can also be tested by the computer through a somewhat longer process.

The digital computer designed by Siemens for VW plugs into the car through the socket in the engine compartment. A program card specifies the test sequence for each model. Some checks—windshield-wiper wear, tire tread, and clutch play, for example—are performed by a mechanic who transmits his findings to the computer through a hand set. Major internal tests, however, are triggered directly by the computer. Feedback from the car is matched by the computer to standard specifications and acceptable parameters. The results appear on the printout. The entire process, which encompasses some sixty checks, requires about twenty-one minutes.

The ingenuity of the system emerges on close inspection of how four important checks are made:

1) Cylinder compression. Usually this is a time-consuming check. Cylinder by cylinder, a gauge must be substituted for each spark plug, and the engine must be started. The VW system measures compression by recording the resistance the battery must overcome to kick the engine over. A tap on the battery's ground strap provides this information. At the same time a sensor on line from the distributor to the number-one spark plug defines the firing sequence. The computer coordinates the two signals to obtain a picture of each cylinder's compression.

2) Timing. When a car's piston stroke is correctly timed with sparking, the gas-air mixture burns the hottest and the cleanest. To measure this in most vehicles, the mechanic must hook up an elaborate device with a flashing light; when the bulb blinks regularly, the timing is correct. VW has added a metal nipple to the car's flywheel and an electromagnetic sensor to the flywheel housing. The pulse generated by the nipple's passing the sensor indicates piston positions to the computer. Simultaneously the spark-plug sensor used to test compression signals firing times. The computer evaluates these data and prints out the results.

3) Light circuits. Here the computer simply sends a low-voltage pulse through the appropriate circuit. If a bulb is faulty or the wiring short-circuited, the feedback pulse will be outside acceptable parameters.

4) Alignment. Two things are measured in front-end alignment: camber and toe-in. Production cars are set up so that, at rest, the tops of the tires are farther apart than the bottoms (camber), and the front edges are closer together than the back edges (toe-in). This is so because, at speed, the tires tend to splay. VW measures alignment through a system of mirrors, lights, and photosensitive diode detectors. The vehicle is positioned between the detectors, and a mirror is clamped parallel to each front wheel. Then a cross-shaped beam of light is reflected off the left wheel, and the steering wheel is turned by the mechanic. When the left wheel is dead parallel to the detector, the reflection is measured for vertical deflection. At that same instant a light is bounced off the right mirror; that reflection is measured by the detector for both vertical deflection (camber) and horizontal deflection (toe-in).

To be sure, the present Computerized Self-Analysis System is far from complete—the VW program card has a 150-line capacity, of which some 60 now are in use. Some things, such as emissions quality, are gauged by inference. Since each VW engine is designed to meet current standards, if timing and compression are correct, emissions should be acceptable. Work now is under way to develop the means to measure, by computer, such items as break-pad wear, distributor performance, and secondary power circuits.

The system has been in operation in Western Europe for a year now, and Volkswagen of America claims that most of the initial gearing-up problems have been solved. American VW dealers have jumped to embrace it; more than 1,000 of the some 1,200 U.S. dealers have already signed up to lease a computer. The first computers are scheduled for installation at larger dealerships this fall. VW of America has set a target date of fall 1973 for blanketing the rest of the country.

The implications of the Computerized Self-Analysis System are many.

For the auto owner it will mean faster and more reliable diagnoses. In turn, checkup costs should be less. Not only will labor charges drop, but bills inflated by errors of judgment or deliberate misrepresentation should dis-

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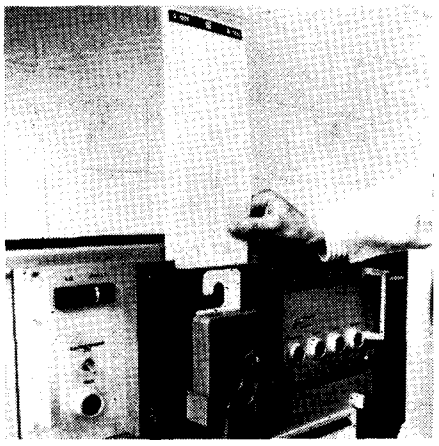
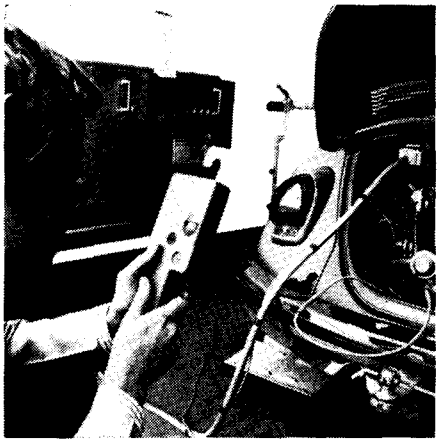
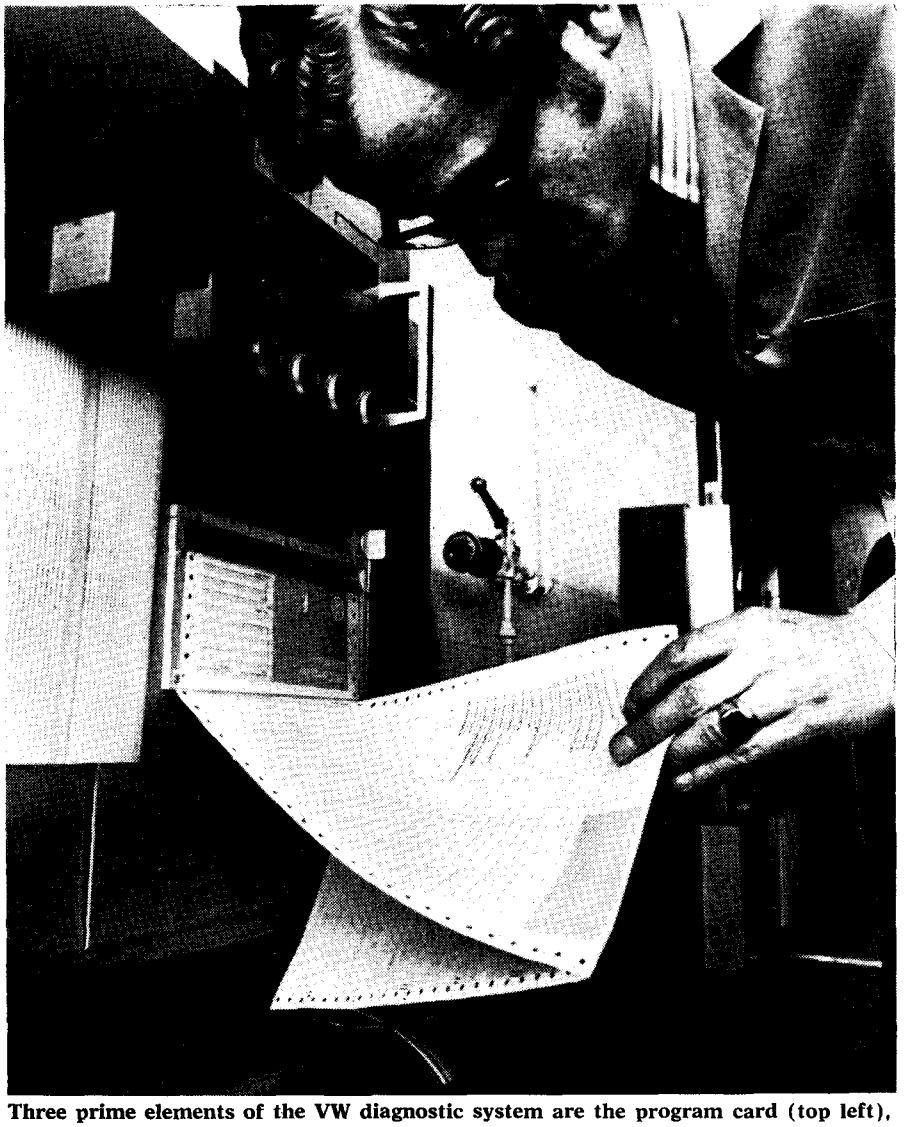
It is more a case of ingenious technology than of scientific breakthrough. The major change was the patching of the VW's normal wiring into a socket the size of a cigarette package.







Three prime elements of the VW diagnostic system are the program card (top left), the hand set (top right) for mechanic input, and the printout (above).

appear. And at resale or trade-in time, a computer readout will establish the vehicle's condition without a doubt. This should benefit both the buyer and the seller.

For Volkswagen the system will provide a consistent index on wear factors that factory engineers can refer to for design modifications. In addition, of course, it is an intriguing sales tool.

There is a rumor that on the Monday morning following the first VW television ad touting the computerized checkups, the chief engineers at one of the major U.S. automobile manufacturers were summoned upstairs to face an angry management team. After the topic was established, the engineers pointed out that they had submitted a proposal for an advanced monitoring system in the late 1960s but had never received a clear response. End of meeting. Whether this story is true or not, industry sources report that the heat indeed was on all over Detroit that day.

Perhaps part of this can be explained by the fact that since the publication of Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed* in 1965, the American automotive industry has been under almost perpetual siege. Ever tightening federal standards on safety engineering and emissions control, embarrassing recall campaigns affecting hundreds of thousands of vehicles, minority stockholders clamoring for corporate responsibility, an epidemic of imported cars, protracted labor battles—these and other factors have kept Detroit on the defensive. Yet, part of the industry—the stylists and the decorators that facelift each year's model into next's—appears not to have been touched.

To be sure, there are several prototype cars in existence that have monitoring systems similar to Volkswagen's; in some cases they are even more advanced. But lack of competitive pressures and the generations-old Detroit tenet of flash before substance has led the industry to this awkward position, one intensified by the fact that VW used little more than imagination and ingenuity to achieve its system. But now that the ice has been broken and now that public acceptance seems sure, it is probable that some variation of the Volkswagen system will be built into all new Detroit cars by 1975, if not sooner. □

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THE TECHNOLOGY OF TV VIOLENCE

BY ROGER FIELD

While congressional committees and parents' organizations debate the possible ill effects of televised and filmed violence on children, scientists and engineers are hard at work figuring out new ways of making video violence more realistic and easier to create in front of a camera. In recent years catsup and prescored breakaway glass bottles, standard items in every prop man's kit bag, have been replaced by chemicals and artifacts that crash, shatter, fracture, burn, drip, explode, bleed, and generally come to their untimely ends in a much more convincing manner. More and more, modern entertainment violence is relying on state-of-the-art technologies—polymer chemistry, the physics of high-precision explosives, and special fabrication methods. In fact, so keen is the competition, major manufacturers are jumping into the video-violence field, only to be routed in turn by other companies' products embodying even newer and more sophisticated technology.

Nowhere is the battle seen more clearly than in the leading standard product: synthetic blood. Years ago catsup was the preferred choice of special-effects experts as a blood substitute for color movies, while chocolate syrup was considered perfectly adequate for black-and-white films. But in due course these makeshift liquids, tasty as they may be, were abandoned as chemists introduced more sophisticated professional products—so-called "technicolor blood" and "panchromatic blood." (Technicolor blood is somewhat lighter in color than panchromatic blood.) These were formulated by blending fine, red pigment into a colloidal solution of methyl cellulose.

Though still more complex formulas for synthetic blood have been developed since these spurted into use, derivatives of the traditional technicolor and panchromatic bloods still sell well at $3 a pint. "I can't tell you exactly how much of it we sell," says a Max Factor theatrical make-up expert, "but we do sell lots of it." Asked whether sales of the company's synthetic bloods seem to be increasing, she responded: "It's hard to tell. When a big studio prepares for a real thriller, we sell gallons and gallons of the stuff."

In reality those gallons of Max Factor theatrical blood may be only part of the total order, because a variety of competing special-purpose bloods are on the market, and a given production might use several kinds. For example, a German company produces a line of blood products sold here under the label "Kryolan *Special* Film Blood," color-balanced just for performances televised in color. And two additional formulations are sold in special packets for external and internal use. For $1.25 a shot, the actor can clench the tiny "internal" packet between his teeth, bite it, and have blood rush from his mouth on cue.

As if that weren't enough, yet another major company recently perfected a new type of synthetic blood. Called "Nextel" by its maker (the 3M Company), this product consists of microscopic, red-plastic balls suspended in a liquid that can be thickened or thinned to any desired consistency. Besides looking realistic when applied, Nextel coagulates and cakes as it dries, just like real blood. But here the similarity ends: Nextel dries to a soft powder that can be simply brushed off costumes, thus reducing cleaning costs. Users generally like this new synthetic blood, their only complaint being that it leaves a pink stain on white fabrics. But apparently Nextel is to 3M what napalm was to Dow: The company denies it sells synthetic blood, insisting instead that Nextel is merely an as yet unmarked laboratory chemical. In fact, Nextel can be purchased over the counter from retail dealers in both Hollywood and New York for $5 a pint.

Progress also has been made in dispensing and applying the blood. For example, special effects experts have perfected "blood guns"—weapons that shoot harmless pellets of synthetic blood and splatter realistic red blotches on any actor caught in the crossfire. But because misaimed pellets that accidentally splat on walls could ruin a scene (Whoever heard of walls that bleed?), blood guns are used by no more than two or three highly paid experts who are reputed to maintain large collections of these weapons.

Synthesizing blood baths is but one way in which technology is improving video violence. Special plastics are used in many rough-and-tumble scenes to heighten realism and increase emotional impact. Prescored breakaway glass bottles, for example, have long given way to bottles made of Dow "PS-2," a plastic of unusually low molecular weight that shatters just like delicate glass upon impact. PS-2 bottles and glasses can be made so thin and friable that stage glassware can be pushed into an actor's face as well as broken over his head without injuring him. The secret is a technique known in the trade as "slush molding." Hot, liquid plastic coats the inside wall of a mold, remains for a predetermined number of seconds, then is drained off. The longer the PS-2 is permitted to stay in the mold, the thicker the walls of the glass bottle. Too thin and it breaks when you pick it up; too thick and it hurts when it hits. Says Frank Clark, the man generally considered Hollywood's leading expert on special effects: "Slush molding is still an art. Some do it exquisitely well, and some are butchers." As an exquisite example of the art of slush molding, Clark points to a scene in the film *Poseidon Adventure* in which delicate champagne glasses are smashed by the hundreds in a violent shipboard disaster.

Many props used in scenes of violence are made of plastic, not because they break easily, but because they will bend. For example, those unusual guns used by THRUSH agents in the television series *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* were fiber-glass-reinforced polyester castings reproduced cheaply from a single prototype. No realism was gained by going to plastic, but its flexibility allows actors to roll over the guns and throw them about in action scenes without risking bruises. Similarly, harmless bricks are simply pieces of foam mattresses painted red.

Unfortunately, not all areas of video violence have been equally upgraded technologically. Breakaway furniture, for instance, still is glued together from small pieces of balsa wood; explosions are still done with black gunpowder packed in cardboard "bombs"; and stunt drivers demolish cars and run motorcycles over cliffs as always. And when these stunt men make a mistake, they can't just wait until the blood dries, then brush it off. □

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DOMESTICATING THE MUSK OX: THE GENTLE AGRICULTURE

For man's agriculture to survive, it must become a gentle agriculture, one that strives for harmony with its natural surroundings. In other words, no dairy cattle or pigs in the arctic; no plows on the tundra; no biocides to protect exotic crops. An important step in the development of such an agriculture has been the domestication of the musk ox, an animal designed by nature to thrive in the arctic regions.

The flow of life is a continuum, delicate in its balances, intricate in its nuances, demanding in its observances. Issued as energy from the sun and transformed by plants, this flow enters the web of animate species, coursing through digestive tracts from the simple to the complex, from the many to the few, back and forth, responding to inanimate cataclysms, and then spilling over again to the simple. Its force is dynamic, involving unceasing change, but change within the limits of a general harmony.

The gods of creation seemingly protected the flow of life—and perhaps themselves as well—by implanting in each threatening species the genes of its own destruction. Until now it has been a simple matter of allowing the various contenders for dominance to become overspecialized: necks too long, bodies too heavy, coats too thin.

Until our ancestors diverted the flow of life to their own advantage and invented agriculture, men lived in comparative harmony with the rest of nature. They filled their niche as top predators, eating wild plants, animals, and occasionally one another. They drew pictures, chanted blasphemies, and dreamed dreams—their presence almost unnoticeable from any mountaintop.

The invention of agriculture seems to have sprung from man's devotion to sayings—"From little acorns mighty oak trees grow"; "Like produces like"; "Man is made in the image of God." Sayings led to experiment, experiment to a reordering of life and its patterns for man's temporary advantage. Man weeded fields and culled flocks, and civilizations developed here and there. The invention of agriculture was an exhilarating moment in history, one so recent in time (a mere ten millennia ago) that it was contemporary with the youth of bushes still alive in California.

However, agriculture recently has been accused of being the most backward of sciences. It is said that a peasant from Jarmo or a farmer from ancient Egypt would have little difficulty recognizing modern agricultural practices. He understood selective breeding, the spreading of manure, the need for irrigation, the rotation of crops, and the control of locusts. After instruction in the workings of a tractor, he could probably manage a modern farm. Agriculture freed man from the daily concerns of the hunt, giving him time for other pursuits. It also wreaked havoc on the balance between living things and destroyed the natural environment over large areas of the earth's surface, as marble columns jutting from desert sands attest.

Almost every invention goes through three stages: a period of excitement surrounding the initial discovery that seems to induce a consideration of all the possible ramifications of the invention (for example, Alexander Graham Bell's turn-of-the-century models for airplanes, helicopters, and jets, designed about the time it was discovered that man could actually fly); a time of retrenchment in which the basic invention is mastered; and a final period in which early speculations are examined and tested. Agriculture, however, mired in resistance to change, seems to have stalled in the second stage. This is evidenced by the insistence of even the FAO (the United Nations' Food and Agriculture Organization) on practices known to be detrimental to ecological balances and murderous to many species—perhaps most murderous to man himself.

Evidence indicates that, when early farmers discovered that they could tame plants and animals and control their breeding, they eagerly experimented with many of the species surrounding them. Undeterred by size or ferocity, they gradually eliminated those species for which they had little economic or esthetic use. Ancient Egyptians apparently domesticated antelope, hyenas, and baboons. The domestication process may have been a tradition from time immemorial. Domestication was limited only by the species available in the neighborhoods of the three agricultural hearts—the Middle East, Southeast Asia, and middle America—all located in hot climates.

After this initial period of discovery inventiveness ceased. Agricultural man spread himself about the globe, dragging with him a small handful of spe-

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BY JOHN J. TEAL, JR.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED J. MAROON

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cies and a set pattern of husbandry, carrying them beyond their natural boundaries. Thus he forced his exotic species and practices upon strange and often fragile environments—overgrazing, destroying natural ground cover with his plow, creating dust bowls, and driving out the native species. Often it was a history of early success that was a prelude to defeat by an exhausted and desiccated earth. The flow of life had been interrupted.

For all his suspicions of having achieved divinity, man is a creature of this earth, completely trapped by his dependence upon the interplay of all other forms of life. For his agriculture to endure to his benefit, it must strive for harmony with its natural surroundings: No dairy cattle or pigs in the arctic, no plows on the tundra, no biocides to protect exotic crops. It must be a gentle agriculture, one of wide variety and one that is not too efficient.

To achieve an agriculture that is as gentle as possible with nature, man will need to domesticate many of the inviting species native to a given region and utilize them within that natural environment, the environment with which they are in harmony and best able to cope. One candidate for such a fruitful relationship might be the giant eland. Unlike the cattle imported to Africa, the giant eland is immune to the ravages of the tsetse fly, has low water requirements, and can convert semiarid brush into useful protein. Another candidate is the musk ox.

For nearly twenty years the Institute of Northern Agricultural Research has been engaged in bringing such an agriculture to reality and offering its economic benefits to the often desperately poor people of the Far North. It has done this by the domestication of the musk ox, an animal designed by nature to thrive in the arctic regions. Needing no barns or other shelter, digging through the snow in winter for its grass, the musk ox conserves its heat and energy by a thick, double-layered coat. Its chief product is a fine, vicuña-type underwool called *qiviut*, which is shed annually.

Insofar as nourishment shaped our ancestors, there is some musk ox in most of us. In fact, some Eskimos of northwest Greenland claim that man is descended from musk oxen. Once circumpolar in their distribution, musk oxen roamed throughout Eurasia on the cold grasslands below the ebbing and flowing glaciers. Their defenses were designed for the wolf, an enemy that appeared on their scene before man. When in danger, musk oxen do not take flight but rather face the enemy with a phalanx of scimitar-shaped horns, the calves hidden by the rear flanks of the adults.

Standing their ground in such a manner was highly effective against wolves, but against armed men it was a disaster. The hunters easily approached to within a few yards and felled whole herds with a shower of spears or arrows. Hunting man followed the course of least resistance, and few other animals offered such quantities of easily obtainable food. As a consequence, in prehistoric times the musk ox was exterminated in Eurasia; only its bones, and images painted on Stone-Age cave walls, remain.

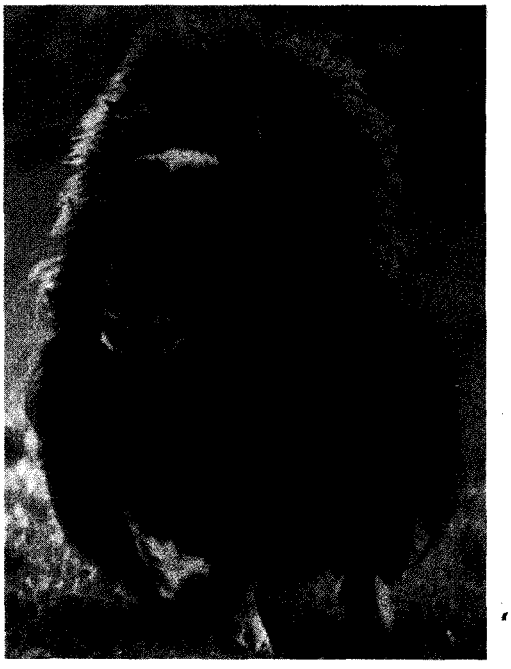
The musk ox survived in North America, however, where the pressure of hunting came later and was less severe. But again the musk ox encountered man. Eskimos followed its trail across northern Alaska, up through the arctic islands, and across the northern tip of Greenland until they were stopped by the glaciers below Scoresby Sound, the end of their known world. The hunt took place in waves—perhaps three—that spanned 1,500 years. The hunters killed all the musk oxen they could find, then moved on to the next range, repeating the process to the end of the route, at which time both men and musk oxen died out. As the years passed, other musk oxen, neglected in the hunts, moved into the old ranges, and the process was repeated.

The introduction of the gun again brought the musk ox to the verge of extinction. Hunted to provide meat for whaling ships plying the Bering and Beaufort seas, the last wild musk oxen in Alaska were killed sometime in the 1850s. Similarly the disappearance of the bison and the continuing demand for carriage robes led to the slaughter of 14,000 musk oxen in Canada during a five-year period at the end of the last century. From the time of this slaughter until only a few years ago—when the animal came under the protection of the law and began a slow revival—the total world population of musk oxen was less than 14,000. Even today, although fewer in number than some species officially designated endangered, musk oxen are threatened by claims of overgrazing, the customary rationalization of trophy hunters.

Today, however, the musk ox plays an important role in the arctic scheme of life. It is more than a curious head to adorn a wall. The musk ox is now a domesticated animal that provides employment for, and a cash income to, a growing number of northern villagers who spin and knit its gossamer qiviut into marketable products. This happy status, in which it is permitted to live out its span of years, was achieved for the musk ox in several stages.

The first was the establishment of a pilot-study herd in Huntington Center, Vermont, by the Institute of Northern Agricultural Research, for a ten-year program of research in taxonomy,

The musk ox is a playful animal with a prankish intelligence.



Naturally curious and looking somewhat like an unmade bed, a musk ox (above) approaches the camera. At right, a young Alaskan displays one of the fruits of musk ox domestication, an elegant gown spun from qiviut, the fine vicuña-type underwool of the musk ox.

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physiology, genetics, disease, and behavior. The calves used to begin this herd were captured on the Canadian Barrens in 1954 and 1955 without the use of weapons or any sort of immobilizing drugs (which experiments had shown were too often lethal). Through a series of grotesque bluffs, the herds were driven into lakes, and the calves were captured and held until the adults passed by. In fact, in the five capturing expeditions since then, more than 200 calves have been caught in the arctic without the use of weapons. The usual method has been to spot and split the herds by helicopter and then rope or tackle the calves on foot. The time required for a normal capture, from the moment a calf is sighted in a herd until it is tied and wrapped in a blanket for the trip to its home, averages slightly less than twenty-one minutes.

Toward the end of the ten-year study period, it was decided that the musk ox would make a fine domestic animal, and the second stage was started: the establishment of breeding-research stations in the Far North, the musk ox's natural realm. The first of these, now the principal site of the institute's domestic musk ox project, was set up as a joint experiment in collaboration with the W. K. Kellogg Foundation and the University of Alaska. Today it is an integral part of the university's research program.

Thirty-three calves (ten males and twenty-three females) were captured by the institute in expeditions to Nunivak Island in the Bering Sea in 1964 and 1965 and were brought to an experimental farm in the town of College, Alaska. Here the animals were taught the rhythms of farm routine (which they readily accepted), men were trained in the methods of musk ox husbandry, and qiviut was developed as a marketable product. The most bizarre feature of this farm is a barn for men, a shelter for herdsmen handling musk oxen in sub-zero weather.

In the wild state a musk ox cow seldom produces young before she is four years old. She then calves every other year, skipping a year by nursing her calf through its first winter. Domestic musk oxen are bred in September of their second year and calve eight months later. They bear young every year since the calves are weaned in their first August. Thus the rate of increase is the same as for common cattle. The calving now in progress, the sixth calf crop at the station, should raise their number to more than 120.

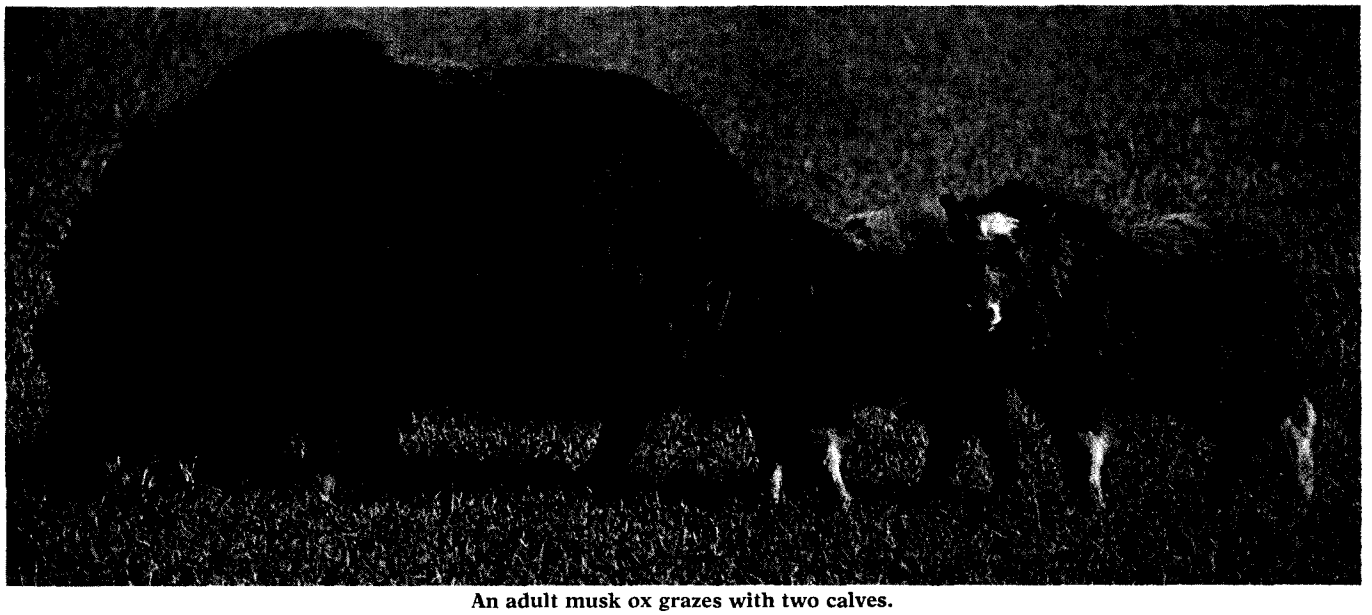
Although all musk oxen are amazingly similar in appearance, the animal is selectively bred on the farm. The criteria for selection are rapid growth, early maturity, and qiviut production—three factors that seem to coincide. All the animals are weighed every day, and a series of observations in such categories as nutrition, physical condition, and behavior is made. On the basis of these records (and occasional favoritism) certain bulls are chosen, awarded a harem of eight cows and a private pasture, and allowed the whole month of September in which to indulge in unbridled lust, free from such distractions as marauding wolves and rival bulls.

In musk ox husbandry the period of greatest activity is that from May through June, when the calves are born and the qiviut is shed. (It tends to be locked on the mother until just after the calf appears.) As shedding time approaches, musk oxen present the general appearance of an unmade bed. Each animal (even the young produce qiviut) is brought into a stall, where the underwool that has worked its way through the outer guard hairs is literally peeled off in sheets. Some bulls produce as much as seven pounds of qiviut—a stack six feet high that is enough to make about 150 scarves. Roughly 5 per cent of the qiviut is lost on bushes and fences, from which it is gathered by birds for nesting material.

Upon receipt of requests, the textile specialists on the staff of the institute go to the tundra/coastal villages, to hold workshops in which they teach the women (and some men) the art of knitting delicate fabrics, each village having its own design. The workshops have been received enthusiastically, and recently a producers' cooperative was formed to maintain standards and carry out the marketing. All of the revenue, except for the cost of packaging and mailing, goes to the knitter.

The institute has established two other arctic stations, one at Old Fort Chimo near Ungava Bay in collaboration with the Quebec government and one in northern Norway in collaboration with the town of Bardu. The calves for the Old Fort Chimo station were caught on Ellesmere Island in 1967; those for the Norway station were caught in northeast Greenland in 1969. Additional stations are planned for southwest Greenland, Iceland, and the Northwest Territories. And since the stations tend to become gathering places, the institute has considered expanding its project to include health clinics for the people of the remote areas.

Perhaps the greatest surprise to domesticators of the musk ox was the discovery that it is an affectionate animal, playful and possessed of a prankish intelligence. It enjoys being petted, plays pushball, rides on sledges, and picks the locks of barn doors. And why shouldn't the musk ox display this delightful spirit? It lives in harmony with its natural range, filling its own niche in the balance of living things and causing a minimum of ecological damage. Its domestication serves as a model for gentle agriculture in other parts of the world. □



An adult musk ox grazes with two calves.

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Mishima's Monument to a Distant Japan

BY DONALD KEENE

SPRING SNOW
by Yukio Mishima
translated from the Japanese
by Michael Gallagher
Knopf, 389 pp., $7.95

On November 25, 1970, the day of his abortive coup and ritualistic death, Yukio Mishima delivered to the editor of a monthly magazine the final installment of his massive tetralogy, *The Sea of Fertility*, which had been running serially for more than five years. This novel was Mishima's chief literary activity at the end of his life. At first, he planned to withhold publication of the first three books of the tetralogy until the whole was completed, but the indifference of the Japanese literary world to the serialized episodes prompted him to publish the first volume, *Spring Snow*, in January 1969. The public responded to the book with overwhelming enthusiasm. *Spring Snow* sold more than one hundred thousand copies, was soon adapted for the stage, and—a rare occurrence in Japan—the play was also recorded. Even critics unsympathetic to Mishima's previous books or to his political views acclaimed *Spring Snow* as a masterpiece.

The Sea of Fertility was not Mishima's only literary effort during the five years before his death. In order to maintain the extravagant style of life he had chosen, he was compelled to write a large number of newspaper and magazine articles. He also participated almost daily in "dialogues" and "discussions" with all sorts of people, which appeared in papers and magazines. He wrote short stories, cultural manifestos, and full-length plays, and ground out a series of potboilers, which he never showed to friends. Mishima said that he devoted twenty days a month to *The Sea of Fertility* and only ten days to the lucrative, ephemeral writings.

Mishima's reading was as varied and vast as his writing. Every year, as a matter of course, he raced through vast quantities of contemporary Japanese fiction, partly in connection with his position as a judge of two important literary prizes. Mishima also read voraciously in European literature, usually in Japanese translation. His greatest distinction among writers of his generation was his knowledge of the classical Japanese drama. Most modern Japanese authors would be reluctant to admit that they had entered a No theater, but not only was Mishima a regular subscriber, he also wrote modern versions of some of the plays. He had, as well, a passion for Kabuki. Of all the advisers to the National Theater, he was the most determined advocate of fidelity to the original texts, opposing well-meaning popularizers who sought to win a large public by modernizing (and debasing) Kabuki. His knowledge of classical poetry was exceptional; in 1967 he published in a learned journal an article on a tenth-century anthology of tanka, the traditional Japanese five-line verse.

There were even more claims on his energies. In 1967, for example, he spent a month and a half in the Japanese Self-Defense Force. At one time or another he testified at length in defense of a director accused of having made a pornographic film; led a group of novelists of different political persuasions in protesting the treatment of writers in China during the Cultural Revolution; recorded a long series of poems by Akira Asano, a patriotic poet, commemorating the Japanese aviators who had died during the Pacific war; wrote an annotated "introduction" to a famous eighteenth-century text on Bushido, Way of the Samurai; spent a month in India inspecting scenes he would describe in the third volume of his tetralogy; and began to practice karate at a Tokyo gym. These activities, unlike the writing of potboilers, were not dictated by necessity; they suggest, instead, a superabundance of energy and an almost limitless range of interests.

Yukio Mishima—Superabundant energy

In 1965, when Mishima was in New York City, he briefly described to me his plans for the projected tetralogy. He mentioned that his inspiration had come from a little-known novel of the eleventh century in which dreams and reincarnation play an important part. I remember that he asked me to buy him a map of the moon with the place names given in Latin, and his purpose is apparent from the brief postscript to *Spring Snow*: "*The Sea of Fertility* is a story about dreams and reincarnation based on *The Tale of the Captain*

Donald Keene, professor of Japanese at Columbia University, was a friend of Yukio Mishima for almost twenty years and translated several of his books.

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of Hamamatsu. I might mention in this connection that the title is a translation of the Latin name for one of the seas of the moon, *Mare Foecunditatis.*" The indebtedness of the finished tetralogy to the eleventh-century novel, however, is slight; Mishima's notes for *The Sea of Fertility*, published after his death, do not mention the earlier book, but they indicate that his preparations far exceeded those for any previous work.

Mishima's first sketches of the novel seem to date back to September 1964, when he made a rough outline of the four projected volumes. Almost nothing in this original outline was retained in his final version, except the approximate period covered by the tetralogy, from about 1910 to about 1970. The theme announced in the first notes—the story of a handsome hero whose face is eaten away by tropical ulcers—was quickly abandoned, though it occurred in a somewhat modified form in his play *The Terrace of the Leper King* (1969), about the king who built Bayon, a magnificent twelfth-century temple at Angkor. In later notes Mishima came closer to the cast of characters he would actually use and even recorded details of the setting that appear almost unaltered in the novel. These notes also include snatches of dialogue. Such careful preparation for a novelist who wrote as easily as Mishima suggests the seriousness with which he undertook what he intended to be the crowning work of his career.

Mishima's passion for accuracy involved him in long hours of study and observation. He searched for books on reincarnation, Buddhist philosophy of the "consciousness-only" school, and accounts of Japanese politics and finance of the foregoing sixty years. His notebooks contain minute descriptions of the grounds of a Buddhist temple that figures importantly in the work, and before describing, however briefly, the appearance of a coastline, he invariably hired a boat so that he might survey and sketch the scene. He made many journeys, ranging as far afield as Thailand and India, to observe sites that would appear in his work. Once, I told him that Stendhal boasted of never having visited Besançon, where much of *Le Rouge et le Noir* takes place. Mishima laughed, but he persisted in his determination to achieve absolute accuracy of detail. I had more effect when, in the course of translating his play *Madame de Sade*, I pointed out that the Place de la Concorde was not known by that name before the French Revolution. This mistake, on a matter totally unimportant to the play, upset Yukio Mishima so much that I quickly regretted my perverse pedantry.

Mishima—in "Spring Snow" he gives "new life to unbroken literary traditions of a thousand years."

Mishima's effective use of innumerable small details to create an authenticity in his portrayal of a society is nowhere more apparent than in *Spring Snow*. The opening description of a photograph taken during the Russo-Japanese War and filled with the mysterious pathos peculiar to old photographs sets the mood of the work. The world Mishima portrays is vivid but distant; some people today still remember the Japanese aristocracy in 1912, but its traditions have vanished forever. Mishima perfectly evokes not only the specific facts of Japan in 1912 but also the atmosphere that lingered from the past. He characterized the style of his novel as *taoyameburi*, an old word meaning "the manner of a graceful woman" and a word used also of the works of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the great period of Japanese classical literature.

The hero of *Spring Snow*, Kiyoaki, is a flawlessly handsome youth, the son of a wealthy marquis who turned his back on the martial traditions of his ancestors. Wishing to remove all trace of the provincial aristocracy from his son, the marquis sent him to live in the house of Count Ayakura, a member of the old nobility. Kiyoaki has grown up with Ayakura's daughter, Satoko, who is two years older than he. Perhaps because Kiyoaki is aware how much more mature than himself Satoko is, he is constantly wounded by her supposed affronts, and he fails to respond to her unmistakable expressions of love. Only after Satoko has become engaged to a member of the Imperial Family and it becomes impossible for them to marry and

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dangerous even to meet does Kiyoaki surrender himself to his love for her. He compels Satoko to meet him secretly, and the two become lovers, unable to spend more than a few days apart and tempted to more dangerous meetings, always with the knowledge that Satoko's marriage is irrevocable. Not long before she is to be married, Satoko discovers she is with child. She submits without protest to the measures forced on her by her family, terrified of a scandal, but soon afterwards she takes refuge in a convent. Kiyoaki, after repeated unsuccessful attempts to meet Satoko again, dies of fever and exhaustion, leaving his friend Honda a book in which he has recorded his dreams, and predicting that the two will meet again.

In the subsequent volumes of the tetralogy, *Runaway Horses*, *Temple of the Dawn*, and *Five Marks of a God's Decay*, Kiyoaki reappears in different guises—as an ultranationalist youth of the 1930s who plots to overthrow the government, as a Thai princess who visits Japan during the corrupt postwar days, and as a youth of the 1970s suddenly lifted from poverty to affluence. Honda observes these transformations and is the only person aware of the secret. In *Temple of the Dawn*, Honda, who is increasingly absorbed by the meaning of reincarnation, devotes himself to a study of Buddhism, and themes sounded faintly in *Spring Snow* are expanded and clarified. At the end of the entire work, Mishima, accepting the Buddhist principle of "consciousness only," wipes out with one masterful stroke all that he has described in 2,000 pages.

The setting of *Spring Snow*, the early twentieth century, was a period when the aristocracy was equally devoted to Japanese traditions and Western borrowings. The combination of two seemingly incompatible cultures often produces ugly or even comic results, but Mishima portrays the surface of this world with affection, making us sense its peculiar poignance. The great houses built in Western style with wine cellars and billiard tables are watched over by butlers carrying silver trays, but into their rooms come men and women trained in poetry, calligraphy, and even the ancient game of kickball. Sometimes these people act according to ancient customs, sometimes as the ways of the West prescribe.

Mishima was surely portraying a Japan to which he was deeply attracted. No doubt the years he spent at the illustrious Peers School—usually recalled by him with distaste—left an unspoken attachment to the world of the old aristocracy. The love story that forms the central part of the novel brings to mind the fiction of a thousand years before, and it was also of peculiar personal significance. For years Mishima had denied his romantic bent, preferring to write in dispassionate terms about modern situations remote from his own tastes. The romance of a couple in their old age described in *After the Banquet* or the cruel vengeance of disillusioned boys in *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With the Sea* are both in this vein. Only in the few stories devoted to the young soldiers who attempted to overthrow the government of the old politicians in the 1930s does one sense any personal commitment. But *The Sea of Fertility*, though it encompasses many themes and moods, was clearly Mishima's testament to the world. The title itself, as he revealed in a letter, was intended to convey his conviction that life was ultimately as arid as the waterless sea of the moon that is fertile in name only.

Spring Snow, however, presents the world at its most appealing. The gardens of Marquis Matsugae's house in Tokyo are as lovely as any described in *The Tale of Genji*, and each detail of costume, each turn of phrase of the conversations, suggests how much of the elegance of the past still survived. Mishima's style in this work is remarkably beautiful. He exploits every resource of the Japanese language, giving new life to unbroken literary traditions of a thousand years. He was unquestionably a modern writer, speaking to modern audiences, but he created in *Spring Snow* a classic, an absolute evocation of a Japanese way of life that is completely intelligible but completely remote.

The translation of such a work was bound to present difficult problems. Probably only a translator like Arthur Waley, who could effortlessly write an English of the aristocratic distinction of Mishima's Japanese, could have overcome the countless difficulties of style and expression found in each paragraph. The present translator has applied himself conscientiously to his task and has succeeded in conveying the beauty of the story, and intermittently of the style, but minor errors crop up on every page, and the translation as a whole is marred by a wordiness not justified by the original. Sometimes, too, the poetic expression of the original is flattened out, presumably to make things easier for the Western reader. A conspicuous example is the description of Kiyoaki's reminiscences of calligraphy practice with Satoko. The sticks of Chinese ink, decorated with designs in gold, are ground on a stone slab moistened with water from a hollow at the end of the stone. Mr. Gallagher's translation goes:

> Then there was the ink that smelled dark and solemn, and the sound made by the tip of the brush as it raced over the surface of the scroll, like the wind rustling through bamboo grass. And finally, there was the sea—the well of the inkstone was the sea, and above it rose the hill with the strange name. This sea fell away so sharply from its shore that it gave not so much as a glimpse of its shallow bed. The still black sea, without a single wave, a sea spangled with gold powder fallen from the ink stick, always made him think of the rays of the moon fragmented on the night sea of eternity.

A more literal translation would run:

> Then there was the somber, gloomy odor of the ink, the sound made by the brush running over the paper when the ink ran dry, like wind rustling through bamboo leaves, the strangeness of the names given the parts of the inkstone, "the sea" and "the shore," a sea where no wave ever rose and the bottom dropped so sharply from the water's edge that its depths were invisible, a sea black and stagnant in which flecks of gold leaf scraped from the ink stick glittered like diffused moonlight, a sea of eternal night. . . .

Unfamiliar imagery has been replaced by expressions intended to be more readily intelligible to the Western reader, such as "always made him think" or "gave not so much as a glimpse." And what is one to make of "the hill with the strange name"? (The "hill" is the surface of the inkstone, the "shore" as opposed to the "sea" of the ink in the hollow.)

The translations of other passages, such as the elaborate menu for the banquet of the Cherry Blossom Festival, or the poems from the *Ogura* [not *Kokura*] *Hundred Poems by a Hundred Poets*, are minor disasters, and the absence of a single footnote—for fear of frightening readers into taking this to be an academic work?—will in fact leave readers wondering what relation Prince Toin has to the Toinnomiya family, or why the Siamese princess called Ying Chan in the first half becomes plain Chan thereafter.

It is a pity the translation does not live up to the grandeur of the original, Mishima's masterpiece, but its flaws should not deter readers. *Spring Snow*, even in this translation, confirms Mishima's judgment that he would be remembered above all for this work. It is a book to give great pleasure and great sadness, too, at the thought of how much the world lost when the author, at the height of his powers, chose not the pen of his profession but the harsh rhetoric of a sword. □

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O JERUSALEM!
by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre
Simon & Schuster, 637 pp., $10

Reviewed by Michael M. Bernet

O Jerusalem!—written by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre, the authors of *Is Paris Burning?*—tells the story of the thirty-three-week battle that broke out in Jerusalem in November 1947, when the United Nations voted to make it an international city as part of the partition of Palestine between Arabs and Jews, and ended in July 1948, when a hasty truce formalized the line of rubble, mines, and barbed wire that divided the city for the next nineteen years.

Cluttered with trivia, *O Jerusalem!* is also littered with scores of minor inaccuracies. Yet the book makes a powerful impact. Moving from Jew to Arab, from noisy bazaars to the United Nations Assembly, from ambassador to nomad, from kitchen to palace, and from general to deserter, Collins and Lapierre create a compelling mosaic of the time they depict. Despite a style that frequently dilutes pathos with bathos, their work evokes compassion for all the inhabitants of a city that is holy to Jew, Arab, and Christian alike. Here there are no victors, only victims. *O Jerusalem!* is, above all, a powerfully sad book.

Those who sympathize with the Arab cause will find it painful to see set out here the full extent to which that cause was betrayed by a leadership that, carried away by its own oratory, was forced to wage a war it did not want and could not win. Jewish readers will relive in these pages those terrifying months when a hundred thousand Jews —one-sixth of the entire Jewish population of Palestine—were besieged in Jerusalem with a pitifully meager supply of food and arms. The siege had begun when the British army still controlled access to Jerusalem. And while the British were supplying Arab armies with heavy military equipment and Arab irregulars were attacking trucks, buses, and pedestrians with weapons bought openly in the bazaars of Jerusalem, the British were arresting all Jews whom they caught carrying arms. Jewish Jerusalem starved and battled for its life, while in New York the United Nations was designing a flag and drawing up bus schedules for the chimerical international city.

Perhaps the most pathetic figure in the book is David Shaltiel, Jewish military commander of Jerusalem. Striving to keep the superior Arab forces from overrunning the New City, Shaltiel was at the same time forced to commit his underfed and poorly equipped troops to a futile attempt to relieve the defenders of the tiny Jewish quarter cut off behind the walls of the Old City and to the untenable defense of a group of kibbutzim deep inside Arab territory. Collins and Lapierre had access to Shaltiel's personal papers and to the private records of a surprisingly large array of leading figures on both sides of the conflict. Drawing on these sources, the authors have been able to detail the true state of desperation that prevailed among the beleaguered Jews. Time and again they tried to break the siege of Jerusalem by attacking the Arab bastion at Latrun. Among the "troops" thrown into this battle was a battalion of immigrants. Coming straight off the ship that had brought them from the DP camps of Europe, untrained, unable to understand military orders given in a language they had not yet learned, the battalion broke up under fierce Arab machine-gun fire and was all but annihilated. The siege was ultimately lifted when 140 trucks, "each carrying a three-ton load, reached Jerusalem over a highway carved from terrain a British brigadier had scornfully dismissed with the words 'They'll never get a road through there.' "

The authors of *O Jerusalem!* take no sides, attempt no judgments. By the time one reaches the end of the book, one sympathizes alike with the fear of the Arabs of Jerusalem that others will again determine their future and with the Jews' determination that no one will jeopardize theirs.

Michael M. Bernet is the author of *The Time of the Burning Sun*, an account of the Six-Day War as seen by combatants and civilians on both sides.

ARAB ATTITUDES TO ISRAEL
by Yehoshafat Harkabi
translated from the Hebrew
by Misha Louvish
Hart, 527 pp., $10

Reviewed by Manfred Halpern

The former chief of intelligence of the Israeli Army has written a doctoral dissertation at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem on the central thrust of Arab attitudes toward Israel. His conclusion: Arabs aim at the liquidation of his country. Is this news? Does one need to write a treatise to verify it? Or is the issue perhaps more complicated than it would seem to be?

Retired Gen. Yehoshafat Harkabi presents a richly documented and thoroughly chilling case. From 191 Arab books and articles, and from other sources, Harkabi excerpts a long litany of bitter hate. Most Arab ideology toward Israel is exhibited as a torrent of curses, of deliberate and vicious distortions, a cry for revenge and total destruction. We know that such attitudes have repeatedly inspired Arabs to action. After reading so much venomous Arab prose in the face of so much Arab impotence, one is grateful for a quotation from the Beirut daily *al-Hayat*: "The entire Arab mentality is in need of a fundamental transformation in this matter. . . . what will history say? In the problem of Palestine the Arabs were victims of themselves, their ignorance, their blindness, and their arrogance. . . . O God, shorten our tongues and broaden our logic."

Dr. Harkabi has dedicated his book "to the victims of the conflict—Jews and Arabs." And amid his vast collection of Arab citations, which are the very opposite of an invitation to dialogue, he strives for objectivity:

> Doctrines that call for destruction have an idealism of their own, which may even lead to supreme personal devotion and self-sacrifice. . . . It should be admitted that there is a considerable element of truth and justice in the ideology of the Arabs. . . . Their burning pain is sincere. Let [the Israeli] imagine that he is a Palestinian refugee, who has been uprooted from the neighborhood where he and his fathers lived, who has been deprived of his property by strangers, and who regards its restitution as a matter of fundamental right and justice. Let him try to evaluate the force of the blow to Arab nationalism inflicted by Israel's existence and consolidation; let him try to see the objective of liquidating Israel as not only an expression of psychological complexes, but [as] a deduction from the geopolitical and national concept of Arab unity. Let him ask himself what he would demand of Israel. . . .

And in an appendix called "The Problem of Subjectivity," Harkabi acknowledges that both sides represent justice. The task, therefore, is to give priority to safeguarding existence. No book of similar perspective has yet come from any Arab official. Under the circumstances, can we ask for more from Harkabi as retired general or as scholar?

There are, it seems to me, several basic weaknesses in Harkabi's book. One flaw stems from the author's choice of evidence. No doubt most public utterances exhibit the style and substance of his sample, but in his attempt to define a governing code of attitudes Harkabi pays too little attention to changes over time. A number of significant recent statements, in-

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cluding those offered in the *Journal of Palestine Studies*, a quarterly published by Kuwait University, are more penetratingly analytical and factual, even when they remain partisan, than the material cited by Dr. Harkabi. In addition, private conversations among officials and the general public in the Arab world have long reflected great variety and complexity of views—a fact with which one would expect the former chief of Israeli Army Intelligence to be well acquainted.

Another flaw lies in the very structure of Harkabi's analysis. It is necessarily misleading to speak exclusively of the attitude of one side toward the other, since attitudes are vitally molded by the interaction of both sides. Again, to call attention only to the structure of a relationship and not to its movements is at the same time a formula for freezing history. The limitations inherent in this approach should be familiar to Americans, who for years were told that no important problems could be solved with the U.S.S.R. or China until after these nations had abandoned their ideology of aggressive expansionism—indeed, that any serious negotiations would serve only to weaken the West's resolve to maintain its own military strength.

There is, admittedly, a crucial difference between Arab-Israeli and Communist-Western relations. For a long time both the Communists and the West have been practicing competitive coexistence—a way of life whose high risks and costs both sides are attempting now to reduce. The Arabs and Israelis have not yet reached the dizzying reassurance of competitive coexistence. Burial or survival, liquidation or expansion still preoccupy the Middle Eastern neighbors. All the more reason to emphasize a danger in the strategic thought of "protracted conflict"—a phrase Harkabi uses as readily as did our own cold warriors. Solely to analyze the ideological structure of the conflict, and from one side of it, is to develop no criteria for judging when the relationship, in fact, moves from true irreconcilability to actual competitive coexistence—without, necessarily, much change in rhetoric to indicate the transition. On the contrary, both the American and the Israeli experiences demonstrate that the champions of "protracted conflict" are quite ready to deny the reality of such change, either because their minds are set to view such change with sincere distrust or because their convictions cause them deliberately to obfuscate the meaning of such events. They are, it seems, capable of recognizing either total change in history or none at all— the very fault of which they accuse their oponents.

As a result, these protagonists fail to perceive the process by which fundamental shifts come about—the undermining of old structures and the emergence of new structures from within. Harkabi shows a clear understanding of the many ways in which Arabs can advocate the end of Israel without even mentioning "liquidation," for example, by advocating a "democratic, multireligious" Palestine, which would, however, exclude all Zionists, i.e., those Jews who arrived after the Balfour Declaration of 1917. He does not apply an equal or even adequate power of analysis to the subtle yet significant changes that have been occurring in Arab behavior if not yet in Arab rhetoric or aspirations.

Arab Palestinians are becoming much more conscious of their national identity and therefore also more crystallized in their internal divisions and groupings. King Hussein took this change among Palestinians seriously enough by March of this year to offer a fundamental reorganization of Jordan in order to give them more autonomy than Karachi ever offered the East Pakistanis. Israel's Defense Minister, Moshe Dayan, has remained in continuous consultation with various segments of the Palestinians in the West Bank; in April he exerted pressure to make sure that they would elect new representatives. The West Bankers themselves—under Israeli military occupation—have newly experienced the economic rewards of selling goods and services to both Israel and Jordan, as well as the searing personal challenge of having to deal directly with both Israelis and a variety of Palestinian forces. As for the fedayeen, they are at this point suffering from serious defeats at the hands of the Israeli and Arab governments. Their decline is not only a result of the massacre of the fedayeen by King Hussein's forces in September 1970, or of Israeli raids and security measures, or of the fedayeen's own disunity and strategic and political errors. Their weakness is also the result of a much less publicized act: Egypt's decision, soon after the 1967 war, to seek somehow to regain lost Egyptian territory, but no longer to commit itself to fighting the Palestinians' battle for them. Egypt's recent breaking of diplomatic relations with Jordan over King Hussein's proposal for Palestinian autonomy serves to shroud this fundamental change in the nature of support for Palestinians by the most populous Arab nation. Meanwhile, the Israeli government has pursued a largely immobile policy since 1967, not so much because all its mem-

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1510

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1510 will be found in the next issue.

VZOBPSF VECFT KPBY AHTC

EJBHC CWF TEYF CZYF ET

YEPPZERF; YEPPZERF ZT GFP-

WEGT E KFX XFFLT BQVFP.

OBQCEZPF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1509

It is more shameful to distrust our friends than it is to be deceived by them.

La Rochefoucauld

WIT TWISTER NO. 275

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The team's brisk — — — — — —
slows. Our chatter stills.

We drink the air like — — — —
— — as we ride

Along steep paths among the
— — — — — — hills,

And in a — — — — — — wrought
on us by the tide

And island air, — — — — — —
our unbelief

And glimpse a nymph behind the
olive's leaf.

A. S.

(Answer on page 69)

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bers are convinced of the soundness of that particular policy, but because they have been persuaded of the need to maintain national unity upon already accepted assumptions.

Harkabi pays little attention to possible openings in history. He also devotes less than a dozen pages in this long book to those fundamental historical causes of Arab weakness and splintering that create so large a gap between Arab capacity and Arab rhetoric. Arabs have as much courage to shoot as Israelis, but Arabs do not know how to sustain a common battle until victory because they have not yet learned how to sustain collaboration amid the conflicts of common public life at home. "It may also be argued," writes Harkabi, "that the clash between ideology and reality does not have to lead directly to ritualization [of behavior against an enemy] but to radicalization." That is indeed one possible outcome, just as another possible result is an Arab recognition (like that which is taking place in China) that no ambitious foreign policy can be maintained without first reconstructing domestic society. What the Arabs would then do with their new and genuine strength naturally remains an open question. I mean merely to suggest that Middle Eastern relations are richer in possibilities than Harkabi believes. However, the outcome he fears most is made more likely by the policies of those Israelis who share Harkabi's attitude. Harkabi is quite explicit in rejecting the idea that Israel can by its own actions help to alter Arab attitudes:

> The dilemma facing Israel is this: The demand for liquidation cannot be met by any offer of compromise since there can be no such thing as semiliquidation; while a moderate attitude toward the rival party, any gesture or concession based on the assumption that liquidation is not his object, may seem to imply the contemptuous view that his demand is not sincere and that he can be bought over for a trifle.

Hence, one of the principal conclusions Harkabi draws from his work is that the "inspiration of the ideals that have guided us and been our source of strength is not sufficient." He would instead foster a determination founded upon "a relentless perception" like his own.

Manfred Halpern, professor at Princeton University, teaches Middle Eastern politics as well as courses in problems of personal and political transformation. He is the author of *The Politics of Social Change in the Middle East and North Africa.*

THINGS THEMSELVES: Essays & Scenes
by Reynolds Price
Atheneum, 269 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Stephen G. Nichols, Jr.

Sooner or later every successful author, bemused by the mystery of creativity, attempts to solve it. In *Things Themselves,* Reynolds Price, having established himself as one of the most important contemporary southern novelists with such works as *A Long and Happy Life* (1962), *A Generous Man* (1966), and *Love and Work* (1968), expresses firm, frequently controversial, ideas as to how literature happens, what it does, and how it should be approached.

As one might expect, Mr. Price ranks criticism well below creative activity. For him, thinking and talking about literature, art, and life are activities the writer busies himself with while waiting for inspiration to seize him: "... for one of the most dangercus, permanent, and generally ignored problems confronting any writer is how to use the time between books, between seizures. Or how not to write when nothing needs writing." Waiting resolves itself into reflecting upon the mystery of creation. The central question, Price finds, is not so much "What am I writing for?" as "Why am I waiting?" and "Why should anything be there at all?" For, once the writer knows the grounds of his faith in the ineffable, then form, matter, and theme will resolve themselves. The work will come. With Proust, Price seems willing to assert that art is a question, not of technique, but of vision—except that he refuses so Cartesian a word as "vision." Instead, he defiantly reiterates the word "mystery," and, to support his view of the artist as divine spokesman, he quotes Milton's *Elegia Sexta*:

> *Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,*
> *Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.*
> (Indeed a poet is sacred to the gods, a priest to gods,
> And from his secret heart and mouth breathes Jove.)

An impossibly retrograde view of poetry and the poet's role? It might seem so at first blush, but, reading Price's smooth, incisive prose, one does not have the impression of listening to the lyrical effusions of a latter-day romantic.

The "things themselves" of the title are the author's response to the mechanistic view of art underlying the formalist school of criticism that dominated, until recently, the American scene. These essays ask us to take the viewpoint of the poet, rather than the critic. Price wants us to go beyond asking "How is a poem made?" to the more essential "*Why* was it made? Why is it this sort of a machine, not some other?" The question distinguishes the critic from the poet; for the poet, as Sartre long since showed, writes *for* someone, to cause something to happen.

In his first essay, "Dodging Apples," Price argues that every work of art, regardless of size or length, has "kinetic intent"—it was created to change something in the world. To understand it, then, we need to know the nature of that intent: why it was created. Since the approach is nonevaluative, it may be used to urge a better understanding of works that have not received favorable attention. Thus, Price sensitively elucidates William Faulkner's *Pylon* not only as a commentary on a particular aspect of the American 1930s, but also as a personal act of exorcism, an attempt to lay the age-old fascination of the writer for the hero. Price's method serves him in good stead for another act of piety, in the best sense of the term: a long, reflective homage to Ernest Hemingway.

The essay devoted to Milton's *Samson Agonistes* is the most surprising in the work—surprising in the sense that adulatory essays of the classics written by contemporary authors are a rarity. Price's admiration for Milton, however, is central to his whole literary philosophy. It provides the literary and cultural rationale for a theocratically oriented world view that sees the future as a carrying-forward of the experiences of the past. This is the basis of Price's personal philosophy, and it goes far to explain why Eudora Welty, another southern novelist similarly concerned with the presentness of the past, is the only living author, aside from Price himself, to receive attention in *Things Themselves.*

The book closes with a glimpse into Price's literary future. The final piece describes alternative ways of treating the sacrifice of Isaac, suggested by a painting and three etchings by Rembrandt. Price's fleshing out of the bare bones of the legend, in a manner reminiscent of Kierkegaard's treatment of the same theme in *Fear and Trembling,* gives the reader the impression that a novel looms in the distance, perhaps another thundering, Miltonian proof of man's damnation, illustrative of Price's contention "that we in the South are the damnedest of all."

Stephen G. Nichols, Jr., teaches comparative literature at Dartmouth College.

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THE EDGE OF IMPOSSIBILITY: Tragic Forms in Literature
by Joyce Carol Oates
Vanguard, 259 pp., $10

Reviewed by Brom Weber

Still in her early thirties, Joyce Carol Oates has achieved considerable renown for her literary talent, versatility, and prolificacy. Her outpouring of novels, short stories, poetry, drama, and essays during the past decade has brought her numerous fellowships, awards, and prizes. A college textbook of short fiction edited by Miss Oates will appear this spring. At last report, she was an associate professor of English at the University of Windsor in Canada. The only similar literary phenomenon of recent times who comes to mind is Robert Penn Warren of Yale.

Regrettably, the similarity ceases when the clarity and depth of thought in *The Edge of Impossibility* is compared with that of Warren's literary criticism and sociocultural commentary. Miss Oates's book, a gathering of articles published in various quarterlies during the 1960s, simply lacks the intellectual coherence required for persuasive elucidation of the author's view of Western literary tragedy's changing nature from Shakespeare to Ionesco.

Miss Oates holds that Shakespeare's tragic vision became more and more difficult for later writers to sustain as the stock of common cultural beliefs and values on which he had drawn dwindled. This position is not particularly novel. T. S. Eliot stated it quite clearly in the 1920s. His version of cultural history—fortified with additional insights from philosophers, sociologists, and psychologists—became the creed of academic literary studies from the 1940s through the 1960s. So successfully was the dogma internalized that graduate students needed only allude to its principal tenets and full communication with professors and fellow students was achieved. The aridity of this catechismal learning was momentarily alleviated when secular existentialism crossed the Atlantic. On arrival in America, however, it was speedily absorbed and adapted, notably at the expense of discounting that part of existentialism that encourages the individual to exert countervailing creativity and innovation upon his culture's drift and patterns.

Not surprisingly, having been nurtured in that milieu, the discourse in *The Edge of Impossibility* is lucid chiefly when Miss Oates is explicating a play, novel, or poem. Drawing on her own technical expertise and responding concretely to a particular work, she can

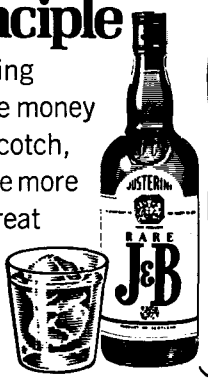
SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1991)

JOHN HOLT:
HOW CHILDREN FAIL

Like good soldiers, they control their fears. . . . But the trouble is, and here is a vital difference between school and war, that the adjustments children make to their fears are almost wholly bad, destructive of their intelligence and capacity.

The pleasure principle

If you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, spend a little more and get a great scotch.



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1972 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

Bucky Fuller's corrective lens for our cosmic nearsightedness--a way to stop being rational and start saving the world.

Intuition
R. Buckminster Fuller

Martin Andrews

Just published—his first major book since 'Operating Manual for Spaceship Earth.' At all booksellers.

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be valuably acute and direct, as when she finds Melville's art lagging in *The Confidence-Man* and *Billy Budd*. It is when Miss Oates mistakenly assumes that she can rely upon a body of belief shared by her reader that the book's argument and credibility become dubious. For example, the discussion of Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov* is based upon the idea that a comic "Christian vision" undermined the novelist's existentialist "tragic vision." Yet whatever validity this conception may have is gravely weakened because in her two opening chapters on Shakespeare—exemplar of the classically successful tragic temper—Miss Oates fails to explain why and how Shakespeare managed to remain unaffected by the more pervasive Christianity of his time.

Much—indeed, a good deal too much—of the general argument rests not only upon unexpressed assumptions, but also upon psychological and cultural dicta rendered ex cathedra that demand modification and provoke contradiction. Miss Oates asserts, for example, that "by definition, the artist is asocial—not necessarily antisocial, but asocial. He has no clear relationship with society." Evidently Miss Oates does not realize that the range of social roles available to an individual is varied and extensive.

Paradoxically, the generalizations in *The Edge of Impossibility* are the book's major claim on a reader's attention.

Nothing can come from nothing, no energy from a bodiless spirit; thus, there can be no violence out of a sense of nothing, for violence is always an affirmation. . . . Art is built around violence, around death; at its base is fear. . . . Ionesco comes closer to the gravest, most sinister truth about ourselves—being is an empty fiction, and our "becoming" is equally fictitious, equally empty, for we stand in front of locked doors, motionless, not lacking the power of motion but willed to motionlessness, waiting for a key or a miracle. There is no key, there is no miracle. Being is an empty fiction. Becoming is a nightmare from which waking is both a salvation and an annihilation.

Remarks such as these, taken from the introduction and last page respectively, illuminate not only Miss Oates's fiction, but also the whole swirling spectrum of psychosocial turmoil from which we seem to be emerging very slowly indeed.

Brom Weber, who teaches at the University of California, Davis, is a critic of literature and the general culture.

THE GOALIE'S ANXIETY AT THE PENALTY KICK
by Peter Handke
translated by Michael Roloff
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 133 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Richard Seaver

At thirty Peter Handke is the most controversial playwright in Germany; a leader of the avant-garde; an experimental novelist whose fiction reveals influences of Robbe-Grillet, Sartre, and Kafka and yet remains highly personal; a poet and an essayist. What is more, all of Handke's work sells well, at least in Germany, which is hardly in keeping with the classic image of the young iconoclast.

Six years ago Handke was virtually unknown, with but one published novel to his credit, *Die Hornissen* (The Hornets). That was 1966, and at the Gruppe 47 meeting held at Princeton that year the young Austrian with a Beatle hairdo created a minor scandal by attacking the descriptive style of some of his older colleagues, most of whom dismissed him as a publicity hound trying to compensate for his lack of talent. Their hasty judgment has, to put it mildly, proved premature. Handke has just completed his fourth novel; he has written six plays for the stage, both full-length and one-act, and published a collection of radio plays; he has also published a volume of poetry, a collection of short stories, and a selection of his miscellaneous writings.

Of the plays, the most famous, and rightly so, is *Kaspar*, a work based on the idea, though not on the actual story, of Kaspar Hauser, a boy of sixteen or seventeen who, in 1828, appeared mysteriously on the streets of Nuremberg, nameless and unable to speak any language. Kasper was to Handke what Genet was to Sartre: a mythic embodiment of his ideas. "In Kaspar Hauser," Handke said in an interview three years ago, "I discovered the model of a sort of linguistic myth . . . interesting not only as such but as a model of men at odds with themselves and their environment, men who feel isolated." Handke's Kaspar knows but one rather enigmatic sentence: "I want to be a person like somebody else was once," which is the author's slight abstraction of the one tantalizing line the real Kaspar Hauser possessed: "I want to be a horseman like my father was once." Society's job is first to rid him of that sentence, then to build up a vocabulary of words, phrases, concepts that will render him functional. Little by little Kaspar learns what the prompters teach him, until he begins not only to speak correctly but to understand space, to arrange, to make order out of chaos. "The world has become a poem to him," Handke notes. "Everything has rhyme and reason." But in the second half of the play Kaspar suddenly questions everything: "What is that I said just now? If I only knew what it is that I said just now!" The illusion is shattered. The thin ice on which Kaspar has been skating gives way, and, again to quote Handke: "He gets more and more mixed up—his language is suddenly deranged—until complete schizophrenia sets in; the stage world turns topsy-turvy, and the end is chaos."

If I dwell on *Kaspar*, it is because there is a direct relationship between that work and *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick*—Handke's third

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

CHAPTER THE *NTH*

Can you tell a book by one of its chapter titles? Anne McCaughey of Philadelphia would like you to try these. The Table of Contents is on page 69.

1. I Visit Castlewood Once More ( )
2. The Shadow of the Guillotine ( )
3. Jonah Historically Regarded ( )
4. The Knitting Done ( )
5. The Bishop Sits Down to Breakfast, and the Dean Dies ( )
6. Lad-and-Girl Love ( )
7. What They Saw in the Country of Eldorado ( )
8. By What Means the Squire Came to Discover His Daughter ( )
9. The Grand Inquisitor ( )
10. Castle Rock ( )
11. The Cousin from Paris ( )
12. The Bokonist Method for Handling Caesar ( )

A. *Barchester Towers*
B. *The Brothers Karamazov*
C. *Candide*
D. *Cat's Cradle*
E. *Eugénie Grandet*
F. *Henry Esmond*
G. *Lord of the Flies*
H. *Moby Dick*
I. *The Red and the Black*
J. *Sons and Lovers*
K. *A Tale of Two Cities*
L. *Tom Jones*

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- **Was Ho Chi Minh a bad poet? Read the arguments, pro and con, and decide for yourself as Intellectual Digest presents the Chinese original and two clashing translations.**
- **"Is Religion Superfluous?". . . noted British historian Arnold Toynbee tells why science cannot solve human insecurity, fear of failure and death.** (Excerpt from *Surviving the Future*)
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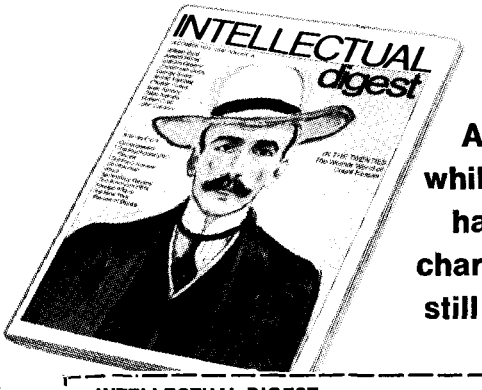

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novel but his first to appear in English. Ostensibly it is a detective story but only in the sense that Robbe-Grillet's *The Erasers* or *In the Labyrinth* uses the genre as a convenient form for deeper purposes. Plot is the least of Handke's concerns (or perhaps the second least, for he has been quoted as saying: "Morality is the least of my concerns"), and in the first sentence of the novel he reveals all the basic facts we need to know about his protagonist: "When Joseph Bloch, a construction worker who had once been a well-known soccer goalie, reported for work that morning, he was told that he was fired." The rest of this novella-length book details Bloch's almost mechanistic reactions to the main event of the opening phrase: his dismissal. He gets drunk. He phones his ex-wife. He runs into an old acquaintance and accompanies him to a minor-league soccer game. He goes to a movie. He follows the moviehouse cashier after she leaves work, manages to pick her up, sleeps with her, and, the following morning, as they are exchanging breakfast banalities, he chokes her to death. Instead of fleeing, he lies down on the floor beside his victim and goes to sleep. Eventually he takes a bus south to an Austrian border town. There, even though he knows from the newspaper accounts of the murder that the police are on his trail, Bloch attends a local soccer match. Beside him sits a salesman, who is also "just passing through." As the players on the field below line up for a penalty kick, Block comments to the salesman:

> The goalkeeper is trying to figure out which corner the kicker will send the ball into. If he knows the kicker, he knows which corner he usually goes for. But maybe the kicker is also counting on the goalie's figuring this out. So the goalie goes on figuring that just today the ball might go into the other corner. But what if the kicker follows the goalkeeper's thinking and plans to shoot into the usual corner after all? And so on, and so on.

This uncharacteristic outburst of logic is in sharp contrast to the inconsequential, semiarticulate phrases that hitherto have been Bloch's mode of expression, but it also confirms the nature of his growing madness. If Kaspar started with a single sentence and built up a vocabulary, however artificial and precarious, Bloch begins with at least a semblance of relation to language and "reality" that rapidly degenerates into acute paranoia. Bloch's senses are all awry: A key "crunches" in a lock; he gets headaches from being out in the rain; details of people replace people, as segments of objects replace objects; words no longer designate what they are generally taken to mean, as Bloch searches vainly for the real meaning beyond the apparent one. At one point, near the end of the book, words disappear altogether (they are replaced by hieroglyphs), and Bloch's comment to another character apropos of a third —"What he said didn't mean anything, nothing at all, nothing whatsoever"— really applies to Bloch himself. Like Kaspar, Bloch learns, instinctively perhaps, that the constant questioning of the word can lead only to chaos and to madness.

The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick has neither the impact nor the immediacy of Handke's plays. But that we are here in the presence of the work of a mature, serious artist is unquestionable.

Richard Seaver is an editor, a critic, and a translator.

THE BRIDE WORE THE TRADITIONAL GOLD

by Talbot Spivak

Knopf, 196 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Peter Wood

Whether Talbot Spivak is a first-class writer is a question about which I changed my mind three times before I finished *The Bride Wore the Traditional Gold*, his first novel.

I liked the opening a lot: "We have four cats and we live in a farmhouse. The mother cat came first, last winter, on a sub-zero morning. When I opened the back door to test the day she charged in and I started to sneeze. I shouted for my wife. 'Get it out of here!' I said." Right there, as it turned out, were united all the best elements of Spivak's book—the spare style, the well-chosen words, the gift for narrative, the main characters, and the main theme. "I" is Jason I. Chambert, a so thinly disguised version of Talbot Spivak *lui-même* (he holds a degree from the Sorbonne, and the inscription of his first chapter is one of Pascal's *Pensées*) that I found myself searching for Nabokovian anagrams in the names. "My wife" is Devi Chambert, nee Devi Lahiri, daughter of Indian Brahmans, beautiful, bright, and hip (if an easy familiarity with four-letter Anglo-Saxon words is a measure). The cats are all the many things that rush unbidden into Jason's life and are ultimately welcomed, despite his initial allergic sneeze. Did Spivak intend *all* that when he wrote those first sentences? I think not, which is one reason why I like the beginning of his book—his instincts are good.

By page 5, however, Jason is telling us about his seventy notebooks and is soon quoting from them at length, and I am beginning to change my opinion of his gift as a writer. Do notebooks read verbatim into the record make novels? From notebook number twelve, we learn that Jason met Devi in a book store at Cornell University. They set up house together, moved first to Cambridge, England, and ultimately, after a wedding in India in which the bride wore the traditional gold, to Iowa, where they took teaching jobs in different colleges. And having lost my sympathy, almost as a boast—he need not, after all, tell me so insistently that he is quoting from his notebooks—he then wins me back. With him I learn to love, even lust after Devi. I find Spivak's vision of the world witty and humorous; I am even interested in the rudimentary plot he begins to mount.

Then he goes haywire. What was introduced as a minor theme—Jason's half-real, half-legendary grandfather, a renowned pharmacist of Luxembourg and a recurrent presence in Talbot's thoughts—is transformed into a major theme in passages of wild psychedelic imagination. Toward the end, Spivak seeks to sum up all that has gone before with obfuscating flights of fancy. They are nicely written but as appropriate as a truffle in a bowl of chili. Change of mind number three.

If you have a taste for promising talent, read *The Bride Wore the Traditional Gold*. If not, wait for volume number two from Spivak. It is sure to come, and it is a fair bet to be good straight through.

Peter Wood is a staff writer for Time-Life Books.

I AM ELIJAH THRUSH

by James Purdy

Doubleday, 120 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Karen Meehan

The novels of James Purdy are, I suspect, only for readers with somewhat exotic tastes in literature. Purdy's sixth novel, *I am Elijah Thrush*, is the brief tale of a pair of "superannuated persons"—Millicent De Frayne, an aged oil heiress, and Elijah Thrush, an equally ancient musician and mime, who have been carrying on a love-hate relationship for over fifty years and are now bitterly vying for the possession of the Bird of Heaven. The Bird of Heaven, one nervously learns, is a beautiful young man who cannot speak

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but who instead communicates only by "kissing sounds, sounds which at the same time resembled oh so closely the calls of mating birds." The bird in question happens to be not only Thrush's "hopeless love" but also his great-grandson.

The narrator of this gaudy tale is Albert Peggs. A twenty-nine-year-old black ("the color of ripe eggplant"), Peggs spies on Thrush for Millicent in order to get together enough money to support his lover, which turns out to be a golden eagle. At first Peggs feeds his pet on expensive carrion, later through a wound in his own navel. Honest.

Early in the novel, Purdy, through the voice of Peggs, warns the reader that "this story, neither in vocabulary or meaning, will be in the taste of the present epoch, and for this reason . . . I embrace it wholeheartedly." What Purdy embraces leaves this reviewer cold. Admittedly, he writes beautifully (or do I mean preciously?); however, his bizarre metaphors finally exhaust.

By chance, the book I picked up after setting *I Am Elijah Thrush* aside, with a sigh, was Graham Greene's autobiography, *A Sort of Life*. At one point in the book Greene makes an observation that is, I think, a perfect summation of everything that's wrong with Purdy's novel. Explaining why his first novels failed, Greene writes: "Now I can see clearly where I went wrong. Excitement is simple: excitement is a situation, a single event. It mustn't be wrapped up in thoughts, similes, metaphors. . . . Discrimination in one's words is certainly required, but not love of one's words—that is a form of self-love, a fatal love. . . ."

Karen Meehan has taught at the University of Iowa and the New School for Social Research.

THE DEVASTATING BOYS AND OTHER STORIES
by Elizabeth Taylor
Viking, 179 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by William Beauchamp

Elizabeth Taylor's fifteenth book contains eleven elegant stories that decisively demonstrate her mastery of the techniques of traditional fiction. And yet, the reader wonders, so what?

Miss Taylor evokes middle-class Englishmen and Englishwomen at home and abroad—Gwenda and Polly, Miss Smythe, Leonard and Melanie, Harry and Rose. All are precisely defined in terms of their civil status—vicars, teachers, career women, widows, husbands, wives. All the characters function in realistic settings and obey the laws of psychological verisimilitude. They press flowers, have black children to the country, or risk a middle-life sex affair while on Mediterranean holidays. The stories have tension, suggestion, mood, irony, insight, humor, compassion, and complete believability. The book is flawless—and totally unmemorable.

Like the French generals in 1917, Elizabeth Taylor would use the cavalry to fight the Great War. The techniques she employs here were developed to reflect the realities and sensibilities of another era; they do not reflect our own. In 1972 one does not write fiction under the banner of Guy de Maupassant. These stories about and for the upper middle class do little more than provide minor insights and provoke minor questions. The accepted language and form correspond to the accepted society they describe, and, like it, resist acknowledgment of change or even the need for change.

Such texts appeal to readers who, themselves, are not of their own time. Like "well-made" TV dramas or movies, they supply escape and discreetly exercise the sensibilities. Whatever vogue such a book may enjoy for a time, it will never deeply mark a reader. It may be charming, but it is of no real consequence.

William Beauchamp teaches French literature at Columbia and is managing editor of *The Romanic Review*.

BOOK FORUM

Punishment and Crime

In a review of *When Can I Come Home? A Debate on Amnesty for Exiles, Anti-War Prisoners and Others* by Murray Polner [*SR*, Apr. 22], Eugene Windchy states: "After the Civil War no rebel was punished."

I beg to point out the trial and hanging of Capt. Henry Wirz immediately following the end of that conflict. Captain Wirz was convicted on the charge of conspiring for the death of fourteen thousand northern prisoners in the Andersonville prison camp, of which he was the head.

This is a fact worth recognizing, insofar as that trial seems to be the earliest foreshadowing of the kind of moral conflict that was present in the Nuremberg trials and the recent trial of Lieutenant Calley.

Captain Wirz's defense, too, was based on the fact that he was obliged to follow the orders of his superiors, and in his case, too, it didn't work.

Toni Shultz
Huntington Beach, Calif.

Your writer says, "After the Civil War no rebel was punished." Now the word "punished" can have many meanings. If he is speaking of the War Between the States of 1861 to 1865, I can assure him that thousands of "rebels" were punished. As a kid in Shenandoah County, Virginia, I saw quite a few men at the polls who were not allowed to vote as they had not taken a loyalty oath to the Union. Here in Alabama on the Georgia line, a certain "rebel" fort was overrun by Yankee cavalry and some fourteen-year-old boys were captured, taken north, worked on farms, and it was four years before they got back home.

Of course, every schoolboy knows that Mr. Jefferson Davis was put in prison along with some of his assistants. He was mistreated brutally. I could go on and on, but I will quit with the assertion that thousands of rebels were punished.

Weaverton L. Fadely
Birmingham, Ala.

One can readily see why among our expatriates there is no alacrity to return to their "fatherland." Bearing in mind the massive bombings that our *Führer* has decided to use in V-2-like rapidity over that suffering land of Vietnam, those who left the country will indeed be a bit reluctant to return with the present leaders still in power.

Sgt. Rod Krueger, USAF
Lackland AFB, Texas

Red-baiting Revisited

The review of two books about the McCarthy era in American life [*SR*, Apr. 22] recalls the horrors of the times.

In New York State, in fancy imitation of McCarthy, the Feinberg Law was passed to get after the dangerous "Reds," particularly in the school system. I was one of the first bounced from a school of black children, and the testimony of mothers, supervisors, and colleagues as to my excellence was to no avail. Board of Education officials were completely uninterested in the fact that some of us had become steeped in black history so that our youngsters would know that they were people, too. The celebration of "Negro History Week" became an established fact in many of the schools, and the young wrote, acted, and sang of their history.

It will interest your readers to know that the Feinberg law was declared unconstitutional in 1967 and some of us still await some rejuvenation of wrecked careers.

Alice Citron
Edgemere, N.Y.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 61: canter, nectar, Cretan, trance, recant.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS
1F, 2I, 3H, 4K, 5A, 6J, 7C, 8L, 9B, 10G, 11E, 12D.

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From Igor With Love

BY IRVING KOLODIN

In the first spring since the death of Igor Stravinsky in April of last year, the reasons for commemorating his life with a program drawn from his works could be conservatively estimated as all but limitless. One point at which a limit might reasonably have been drawn would be a Stravinsky Celebration, as the program delicately described it, "honoring Ryohei Nakagawa." Whatever the name of Nakagawa may mean to you or to me, it meant enough to Robert Craft, the composer's living legatee on earth, to enlist his participation as guest conductor.

For those lacking Craft's superior knowledge of Nakagawa, the only way to resolve the mystery was by visiting Alice Tully Hall, where the Celebration took place. Here, it quickly became apparent, Nakagawa is a first-class player of the *fagott* (bassoon) from Kyoto, Japan (rather than, as might have been anticipated, a first-class player of the koto from Fagott, Japan). With or without the semantic complication, Nakagawa's qualifications are as solid as the column of air with which he supported the sound he drew from his complex instrument. Included in Nakagawa's background are studies that earned him a master's degree at Yale, services under the exacting Leopold Stokowski with the American Symphony Orchestra, and a recent appointment as principal bassoonist of the San Francisco Symphony (whose music director, by no coincidence at all, is a compatriot named Seiji Ozawa).

As Nakagawa had become, during his time in New York, a founding member of the New Amsterdam Ensemble, which has a predilection for playing Stravinsky, it was on the order of inevitable that his colleagues would make a ceremony of his departure. But it was a mark of special esteem that all the participants contributed their services in order to make the concert possible. This marked them, one and all, as ladies and gentlemen of admirable sentiment. But what added even more to esteem for them as artists was their response to Craft's direction of a group

Nakagawa—"A mark of special esteem"

of works that included the infinitely eloquent, singularly sonorous work titled *Symphonies pour instruments à vent à la mémoire de Claude Achille Debussy*. It was addressed by Stravinsky to the memory of his great predecessor, enthusiastic admirer, and influential sponsor, in the aftermath of the French impressionist's death on March 25, 1918.

Abundant as the program notes were in identifying the lineage of Nakagawa, they were equally remiss in leaving to the listener's imagination the meaning of the date (1947) bracketed with the work's title. As the brief note and autobiographical reference made altogether clear, the work was indeed a memorial tribute completed in 1920 and first performed not long thereafter. But a cross-check of Eric Walter White's uniquely valuable documentation of Stravinsky's every work leaves no doubt that, unlike those "revisions" of the Forties undertaken by Stravinsky to establish new proprietary rights for scores in which he no longer had valid copyrights, the "Symphonies" had not previously been published. In this instance he also deleted the alto flute from the original scoring and made some other changes on behalf of a stronger sonority.

As the original setting for flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, and tuba suggests, these "Symphonies" have nothing at all to do with the heroic form of personalized poetry developed by Beethoven and emulated even unto this day. But they have everything to do with the austere order of impersonal but deeply felt ritual of an older time with which one musician paid homage to the greatness and glory of another to whom he owed affection as well as esteem.

Under the technically attentive, stylistically discriminating direction of Craft, the Celebration attained another, probably unpremeditated, kind of commemoration. This was one in which the musical texts, with their chorales, chants, and ceremonials on behalf of Debussy, sounded forth as a eulogy on behalf of Stravinsky himself. Incredible as it may seem to those who are acquainted only with the surface dissimilarities of the two men and not with their deep, fundamental affinities, there was a shaping force of Debussy on the unique tone poet that Stravinsky himself eventually became.

Taken all together, the Stravinsky Celebration was a loving tribute on a high and singularly discerning level from a group of performers keenly aware of why they were doing exactly what they were doing. The nearest thing to a familiar piece was a suite from *L'Histoire du soldat* (1917), in which Nakagawa, as bassoonist, was associated with Jeanne Benjamin, violin; Naoyuki Miura, bass; George Silfies, clarinet; Tom Lisenbee, trumpet; Porter Poindexter, trombone; and Richard Fitz, percussion.

The other works, drawn from much the same period of Stravinsky's concern with chamber music—in part because the restrictions on musical life in Europe during and just after World War I were physically as well as geographically confining—included the Octet for Winds (1923), two Russian Peasant Songs for voices and horns, and Three Pieces for Clarinet Solo (1919), in which the soloist was once again the accomplished Silfies.

Unlike those familiar ceremonials in which Stravinsky, the tonal tiger of *Petrushka, Le Sacre du printemps, L'Oiseau de feu*, etc., becomes the object of an exhibition rather than of a tribute, this Celebration had quite another motivation. It conveyed a heartfelt Thank You from a community of players (the New Amsterdam Ensemble, of which William Brown is the artistic director) and singers (members of the Long Island Symphonic Chorus, trained by Gregg Smith) not often honored with works of such wit and tonal perspicacity as Stravinsky bestowed upon them. □

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Dance

England's Royal Ballet and New York's Student Dancers

BY WALTER TERRY

Anyone who can make the incredibly beautiful Carmen de Lavallade appear unattractive or the incredibly brilliant Rudolf Nureyev seem shackled has got to have some sort of weird, perverse talent. Glen Tetley, the American dancer-turned-choreographer who has achieved something of a vogue in Europe, worked his worst on Miss de Lavallade a few seasons back and his worst on Britain's Royal Ballet, Nureyev included, in *Field Figures* (to music of Stockhausen), created especially for the troupe in 1970 and shown here during the Royal Dancers' spring engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Field Figures is a dreadful ballet. It is not simply that Tetley rarely shows heart in his dances (George Balanchine is basically a heartless choreographer) but that the Tetley steps and patterns are so superficially contrived. Challenge, daring, innovation, even insults are not to be found in *Field Figures*—it is just an overblown bore. At its American premiere, the Met audience seemed fairly equally divided between applauding and booing contingents.

As for Mr. Nureyev, he danced with emotional passion and physical splendor in other assignments with the Royal Ballet. At thirty-four he is not only in peak form but also clearly on his way to even higher pinnacles of accomplishment. It has been ten years since his U.S. debut (eleven years since his defection to the West), and he has had downs as well as ups. He is not, and never was, a cautious dancer; he takes chances on stage. Sometimes he muffs an excursion into high virtuosity, and perhaps he will even sulk because of it, but his daring is magnificent, and this year he has shown us feats of skill that dazzle the eye and boggle the mind. There are other male virtuosi in ballet, but Nureyev is unique. He is explosive, but he is neat. To see him step, with an impeccably placed foot and perfect aplomb, onto high *demi-pointe* is to see one of the stylistic wonders of ballet today.

In Jerome Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering*, as produced by the Royal Ballet—it was initially created for the New York City Ballet—Nureyev gives an unforgettable performance. It isn't simply that he is light and facile of step, joyous and perhaps even fey in manner, but that he moves his total body with the sinuous strength of a marvelous catlike animal. Indeed, the torso is not rigid; it is alive, and the spine moves with an eloquence that Martha Graham herself would extol.

The Robbins masterpiece—and it is just that—is open to many interpretations. Personally, I prefer that of the Royal Ballet to the one danced so neatly by the City Ballet. This is not so much a matter of pedal exactitude but of faces. Under George Balanchine the star system is discouraged, if not stamped out entirely (not even he can cancel the flash of a Melissa Hayden, a Violette Verdy, a Jacques d'Amboise, or an Edward Villella), but the Royal Ballet fosters faces, highly individual talents, even those wild and wonderful idiosyncrasies that make a star. Thus, Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering*, with its glorious evocations of the smiles, longings, sadnesses, and happy irreverances with the Chopin music, takes on new dimensions with Nureyev, the irresistible Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell, Michael Coleman, whose impish grin matches his exuberant leg-beats, and Monica Mason, who shows precisely the difference between executing and performing steps.

Naturally, the very special star of the Royal's New York season was Dame Margot Fonteyn, who not only gave us a stunning *Swan Lake* early in the engagement but, subsequently, a lovely *Sleeping Beauty* (not as perfect as the one she did with our National Ballet of Washington in Newark), a dashing *Raymonda*, and a poignant *Poème de l'Extase*, first created for her by John Cranko when she guested with his Stuttgart Ballet. *Poème* is not a great work, but it is a major vehicle for a major star, and Dame Margot is as captivating in it as she is in *Marguerite and Armand*, a Camille capsule that Sir Frederick Ashton created especially for her and Nureyev a very few years ago.

In the modern dance field, the Juilliard Dance Ensemble, gave two spring programs plus workshop sessions. It is presided over by one of the great women of contemporary dance, Martha Hill, who heads the modern-ballet-ethnic Juilliard dance department. In the modern dance area, one bill was repertory and the second a Doris Humphrey Memorial Program. In honoring the late Miss Humphrey, one of the great choreographers of this century, the Juillard dancers performed *The Shakers* (1931), *Day on Earth* (1947), *Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias* (1946), and Bach's *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor* (choreography, 1938).

For most who recalled the vast Humphrey repertory, *Day on Earth* (to an Aaron Copland score) and *Lament* (Norman Lloyd) were the most impressive. In *Passacaglia*, Miss Humphrey's breath-taking gravity principle of fall-and-recovery was not fully realized, and the movements came out somewhat wooden. In *Shakers*, caution replaced the intended primal ecstasy.

The Shakers fared much better in the annual concert given by New York City's High School of Performing Arts. The audience yelled with unrestrained enthusiasm as the dancers, teen-agers all, fell to their duties with mesmerizing abandon. I remember being present when Miss Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and their company always danced it to continuing bravos a quarter of a century ago. Incidentally, both productions of *Shakers* were reconstructed from Labanotation.

The rest of the HSPA program, composed of both modern dance and ballet, was excellent. There seemed to be a coming ballet star in sixteen-year-old George Kulszyki, who displayed not only a technique one would not expect for his tender years but also a performing *élan* related to the Nureyev approach. But a potential such as this is not surprising for HSPA. Its graduates are to be found in every show on Broadway, in all ballet and modern dance companies, on TV, in Las Vegas, clad and nude, or in scholarly Labanotation, and in regional theaters. Former students? Would you believe—and this is but a handful—Villella, Eliot Feld, Arthur Mitchell, Bruce Marks (now doubling as a *premier danseur* with both the American Ballet Theatre and the Royal Danish Ballet), Keith Lee, Christian Holder, Cora Cahan, Zelma Bustillo, Louis Falco. □

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The Pilot Said: "There's an Armed Man Aboard"

BY NEIL AMDUR

So you think being aboard a hijacked plane is exciting. Well, *you* try it next time. I'll settle for late baggage claim, circling Kennedy for several hours, tacky food, and all the other inconveniences of conventional flying.

It's no fun sitting on a plane wondering whether the person in control is sane, whether his gun is loaded with bullets or water, whether he really has explosives in the rear rest room, whether he's serious or just on an ego trip to protest President Nixon's latest travesty in Indochina.

What seems most distressing about the Eastern Airlines flight to Washington that was hijacked last month on the morning of May 5, with my wife and me aboard, is that it probably was preventable with stiffer security at the point of departure—the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton airport.

The captain's first mention that there was "an armed man aboard" (the term "hijacker" was never used) did not come until twenty minutes into the scheduled forty-minute flight to Washington. Trois Atteberry, a student at Muhlenberg College in Pennsylvania, said she noticed something unusual about the hijacker from the moment she got on board.

"I was sitting across from him," she later told me. "I nodded to him after I had boarded, but he didn't respond. Then, about ten minutes after the plane was in the air, I reached for a pillow. He turned for a second and was startled like a man who was very nervous and had something secret on his mind."

Unlike very large airports, where security checks are periodic, Allentown had no security. Metal-detecting devices, which may have picked up the hijacker's gun, were conspicuous by their absence; seat selection was not instituted to slow the customary boarding chaos and allow for greater scrutiny; no spot checks of baggage or personal belongings were made. If the hijacker bought his ticket in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, as I was told, and decided to initiate his plan at a small regional airport because of its poor security measures, he was certainly one step ahead of the airlines. At Allentown the scene at Gate 1 before boarding Flight 175 was far too informal. Small wonder that, after the hijacker had taken control of the plane, a passenger noted he was telling jokes to the stewardesses like "you'd better crack down on your security."

At least one passenger, Robert Palazzo of Columbia, New Jersey, felt that Eastern had subjected us to unusual risks by failing to inform the passengers earlier in the flight that this "armed man" was aboard. Ten minutes into the flight Palazzo went to the rear of the plane for magazines, and there he confronted the hijacker leaning against the rest-room door.

"Get back to your seat," the hijacker commanded.

"Why, what reason?"

"'This is the reason," the hijacker said, thrusting a gun into Palazzo's stomach.

"What if I were in one of my wrong moods?" later remarked Palazzo, who regards himself as a "pugnacious individual." "It could have triggered off something, and all because the crew, which knew he had a gun, did not warn the passengers."

Since I was sitting five or six seats in front of the hijacker, I wasn't aware of his presence until that first announcement was made over the intercom by the captain. Even as I turned instinctively toward the rear of the aircraft, I wasn't sure who the man was, although my wife had seen someone talking on the intercom and had wondered why he was talking to the captain, W. L. Hendershott of Miami.

At first glance, he looked like dozens of middle-aged businessmen who might be traveling to Washington to work or to Miami (the flight's final destination) on a vacation. He was five feet ten inches, weighed about 150 pounds, and had dark hair streaked with gray, a pointed nose, and a swarthy complexion. He wore a modest dark suit and deeply tinted sunglasses that added to his menacing demeanor, particularly with the stub of his gun protruding from the galley in the rear of the plane.

The captain communicated with the hijacker through the intercom and referred to him as "the man in charge," as in: "Will the man in charge pick up the phone, please," and then relayed the orders to the passengers.

After the first announcement the atmosphere on the aircraft, naturally,

Once airborne, little can be done.

Neil Amdur reports for *The New York Times*.

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was tense. But there were no emotional outbursts from the passengers, and after the initial shock it seemed to become a matter of time—when we would land, whether we would stay or leave the plane, how long the hijacker would hold us hostage. The hijacker had ordered the captain to fly to Dulles Airport. Shortly after we landed at Dulles, after circling for forty-five minutes, the captain told us that "the man said it's okay to use the lavatory, but only one person out of his seat at a time." We could only use the first-class bathroom. The hijacker, alternating between his seat and the galley in the rear of the aircraft, apparently was holding the rear rest room as his security blanket.

I took my trip to the rest room at 12:25. As I walked toward the front of the plane, I could see the crew huddled in the cockpit. The door of the cockpit was open. Obviously, the hijacker wanted a clear view of the proceedings in the front of the plane.

At 12:30 I walked back up the aisle and got a good glimpse of "the man" as he peered from the galley. I also saw him waving his snub-nosed revolver in the air. I had the feeling that he would not hesitate to shoot if activities aboard the plane did not follow his fancy.

For the next half hour the hijacker nervously divided his time between the passengers and the door in the rear of the aircraft through which the money, parachutes, change of clothes, food, cigarettes, and other materials were being loaded aboard. Each time the captain received additional news from the terminal for the hijacker, he would announce, "Would you pick up the intercom, please." The hijacker then responded and relayed further instructions to the captain, while we waited wondering whether Eastern would agree to the demands or whether the FBI might attempt to "crash" the plane to disarm the hijacker.

At 1:18, almost four hours after we had boarded the flight, the captain gave us the good news. We could begin deplaning. The captain told us the hijacker's deplaning orders: We would file out from our seats one at a time, at least five feet apart, carry-on luggage visible. When the captain's voice returned to the intercom, I held my breath: Had the hijacker changed his mind? "No," the captain told us, "I've been notified he wants first-class passengers to leave first."

I was sitting in 18C when the stewardess motioned for me to rise. As I walked toward the rear of the cabin, I tried to study my captor. He stood in the galley, backed up briefly at the sight of the large, gray typewriter case in my hand, and signaled me with his gun to keep moving.

"Had a nice trip?" the hijacker sarcastically cracked as another passenger was leaving the plane.

As I reached the runway, I took a deep breath and looked back. But the ordeal did not end there for us or the crew. A one-hour debriefing by the FBI followed, then countless news interviews. The hijacker proceeded to take the crew to New Orleans for a change of planes, then to British Honduras, over which he parachuted into the jungle night and escaped the scrutiny of two FBI "chase planes" which had followed the Eastern 727 from Dulles.

Was I really frightened? In the aftermath of the affair, it is difficult to convey the chilling sense of uncertainty that accompanied the first announcement. It was more anxiety than sheer fright: Who was the man, and what were his motives?

As a professional reporter, I felt an instinct to record as much of the in-flight drama as possible. Each time I tried making notes, however, my reaction was, "What if he spots me? He might hold me hostage or blow my head off." In retrospect, I think I would have felt more comfortable aboard the Western Airlines flight that was hijacked to Cuba by a young, long-haired passenger—and not just because I had visited Cuba on assignment last year. For one thing, the youth, despite his being armed with a pistol, was hijacking the plane as a philosophical protest against the war. But the hijacker aboard Flight 175 was middle-aged and not interested in a debate over Vietnam: His plan was to extract $300,000 from Eastern Airlines with as little diversion as possible. The fact that he had picked Allentown as his point of origination confirmed his intent.

Every skyjacking appears to produce its share of ironic vignettes. As I interviewed the various passengers afterward, I marveled at the fates that had brought us together.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chris Colovos, from Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, who had missed a commuter flight from the Wilkes-Barre–Scranton airport earlier that morning and had driven to Allentown to catch Flight 175.

—Mrs. Evelyn Pugliese, who had teasingly said to her son that morning, "Hey, maybe we'll get a free ride to Cuba."

It was Mrs. Pugliese's husband, Nicholas, a life-insurance salesman, who gave FBI officials his 90 Instamatic camera with film that, he claimed, contained a snapshot of the hijacker.

"Weren't you worried about trying to take a picture of a guy with a gun? I asked Pugliese.

"Yes," he admitted later. "I think I was foolish for taking it. In fact, my wife didn't want me to do it. We had a big argument on the plane."

It is just such a disclosure that keeps you from dismissing any hijacking as "exciting." Had the hijacker spotted Pugliese snapping the picture, there is no way to gauge what his response would have been.

The fact that Pugliese managed to take his picture indicates that, if a sky marshal had been aboard, as they are on many longer international flights, he might have had several opportunities to disarm the hijacker. The $300,000 that Eastern paid out in ransom might have been more wisely spent in greater security measures to preserve the safety of the passengers and crew.

Skyjacking must be curbed at all costs, even if it involves federal intervention and subsistence for greater security. As one who values civil liberties and also travels extensively, I see nothing wrong with periodic baggage inspection at the gate, or even with spot frisks if such a measure will deter individuals from in-flight madness.

But if you should be aboard a plane when the captain announces over the intercom that there's an "armed man" on the flight, don't panic. Calm and reason must prevail among all passengers. If you notice someone across the aisle or in front of you who appears unusually nervous, it is important to reassure him that these episodes usually can be resolved without injury as long as everybody keeps cool. Don't move about in the aircraft unless you absolutely must. If you are sitting in the rear of the plane and the hijacker is in control of the aircraft from the coach section, you may be able to move farther forward. Don't attempt to reason with the hijacker. If you are traveling with small children, keep them active and yourself busy to avoid some of the mental strain that inevitably occurs.

It seems ironic that airlines spend millions of dollars each year on slick advertising campaigns in order to enhance their image. They show you exotic tropical beaches, beautiful stewardesses, superjets flying into the sunset, luxuriously paneled cabins and catchy slogans that they hope will provide instant commercial identification when you take your next vacation. Rarely do the airlines tell you what the first priority should be: safety. Passengers who have flown as much as I have will tell you we don't care about "The Wings of Man." "The Safety of Man" is what we value. □

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Films

Moon Over East Lansing

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

EAST LANSING, Mich.—While other critics were cruising the Croisette in Cannes last month, I found myself attending the First Midwest Film Festival, organized by a group of students at Michigan State University. To be sure, East Lansing lacks some of the charm, glamour, and amenities of the French Riviera; but well before the festival was over, I was certain I had come to the right one. Cannes, long considered the most commercial of all film festivals, is primarily a great market place for selling films of the past and the present; East Lansing provided a glimpse of the future.

Even the timing added a certain note of relevance, although this was something that the organizers could scarcely have foreseen. Their festival opened the day after President Nixon announced his decision to mine North Vietnamese ports; and the campus at Michigan State, like campuses all over the country, was seething with indignation and indecision. Most of the students felt that some form of protest was clearly in order—but what? Under the blossoming trees of Michigan's brief spring, they talked, argued, and planned their strategy, while toasting marshmallows. For a brief time—thirty minutes, to be precise—some of them occupied the administration building, but left quietly when the police arrived. Violence was not their bag. The most overt form that the demonstration ultimately took was a long, slow bicycle-cade up Grand River Avenue under the watchful eyes of some 600 fully armed, blue-shirted state troopers.

On the streets the police were clearly overreacting to what they considered the threat of student violence. On the screen, in a festival devoted to independently produced 16mm films, the film-makers (many of them students) were just as clearly reacting to a government and a society that seek safety in conformity and view any form of protest as rebellion. *Mayflowers*, a remarkably mature student film by Gary Anderson, of the University of New Hampshire, tellingly documented the reluctant but real radicalization of that campus when its administration maneuvered to block a speaking engagement by Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, and David Dellinger the day after the Kent State killings. Shown early in the festival, it established a theme that film after film returned to in one form or another.

In *Natural Habitat*, for example, San Francisco State film-maker Ralph Arlyck, through devastatingly well-selected and well-edited images—an airline hostess explaining the safety features of her plane, a girl selling Teflon pans in a department store, post-office employees adapting to the pace and rhythm of their machines—offers an uncomfortably accurate view of the robotlike patterns of our daily job routines. In *Induction*, Edward Larstead uses a guinea pig experiment to demonstrate that pleasurable sensations can be artificially induced through electrodes, then cunningly suggests that our TV entertainments are providing a similar anodyne against the horrors of war. Independent film-maker Tom Braidwood hammers away at the sensibilities of the audience by devoting most of the ten minutes of his *Backbone* to some 200 repetitions of a shot of an officer shouting "Fire!" and a cannon shooting off a shell, followed by a single scene of soldiers embracing each other after the cessation of hostilities. One gets the antiwar message quickly enough, then ends up begging the film-maker for mercy.

But, like them or not, there is a tremendous sense of dedication to these movies and a willingness to tackle themes that no studio would dream of attempting. Indeed, the pictures most easily dismissed at this predominantly youthful festival were those that sought, on a limited budget, to emulate big studio fare. It is almost axiomatic that nobody can do a Hollywood movie better than Hollywood itself, and several rather conventional short-story adaptations—Shirley Jackson's *The Lottery*, Richard Harding Davis's *The Lady or the Tiger*, and Saki's spine-chilling *The Open Window*—suffered by the inevitable comparison.

As always, prizetime created difficulties. The four judges—Edgar Daniels, chairman of the English department at Bowling Green State University, Ohio; Ali Issari, head of MSU's International Media Center Film Production Division; Peter Poor, a producer for CBS News; and myself—had viewed more than eighty films in something less than four days of intensive screening. It was a merciful winnowing from about 250 submissions, but the diversity of the films that remained was almost matched by the diversity of their judges' backgrounds. Considerable argumentation and several repeat screenings took place before the majority settled upon an admirably controlled, original, and inventive half-hour film by Elliot Davis, *Snowville*.

Although this did not enter into the deliberations, in retrospect I can now see that the theme of *Snowville*, in the subtlest possible way, incorporated the general outlook of the entire festival. In a home for disabled children—all dressed in white against a glistening white background—a smirking nurse beckons us into their presence. The doctor in charge rubs his hands and ushers us into a room where the kids nod apathetically in wheelchairs or hobble about in braces or on crutches. A momentary crisis distracts the doctor and his staff, the nurse left in charge nods off to sleep, and the children seize this instant to escape from the home. The band, like a children's crusade, pushes through field and forest, is briefly befriended by a group of hippies living amidst the rubble of abandoned cars, and finds full freedom—including the freedom to rise out of their wheelchairs and to shuck their braces—in a marvelous playland in the middle of nowhere. But the doctor and his aides soon track down their charges and promptly return them to their crutches, their braces, and their wheelchairs. Only a kind of plastic snowflake, discovered in their playland, remains to suggest that the hope for freedom from adult domination has not died. Clearly, Elliot Davis is a film-maker to be watched.

What commended Davis to me, at least, was his apparent mastery of the medium. Other film-makers were more daring, more outspoken, more angry, more far out; but invariably they defeated themselves by being technically unprepared to meet the challenges of their material. When the imagination and originality of many of the films at the Midwest Film Festival are matched by the technical finesse of so many of the others, the effect upon the entire medium can only be shattering. There was a moon over East Lansing in mid-May, and it was in the ascendant. □

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wom-an, *n.*—female, femme, dame, bitch, broad,chattel, biddy, little woman, frail, filly, skirt, chick, vixen, tomato, a rag of bone/a hank of hair, bimbo, moll, squaw, babe, baby doll, bag, doll, wench, weaker sex, lesser vessel.

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—form of address meaning whole person, female.

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—Johnnie Tillmon

"The next time you're tempted to fake orgasm just think of the harm you're doing the next woman if not to yourself."
—Anselma Dell'Olio

"The future improvement of civilization could not depend on who washes the dishes. Could it?" **—Jane O'Reilly**

"Unusual excellence in women was clearly associated for them with loss of femininity." **—Vivian Gornick**

"A female college graduate earns a few dollars more a year than a man with an 8th grade education." **—Louise Bernikow**

". . . men do have monthly cycles. The evidence of them may be less dramatic, but the monthly changes are no less real."
—Dr. Estelle Ramey

"We have had abortions. These 53 American women invite you to join them in a campaign for honesty and freedom . . ."
—Barbarlee Diamondstein

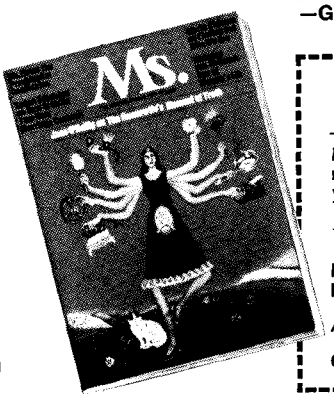
"If women were less afraid of losing male approval, would there still be secretaries in the Pentagon? Would there still be doves sleeping with hawks?"
—Daniel Ellsberg

"Black family life will be a disaster if it copies white family life."
—Eleanor Holmes Norton

"Men often reveal their egocentricity by insisting that a woman can be 'converted' from Lesbianism with ease — all she needs is a good man." **—Ann Koedt**

"Open the options. Let your boy know the challenge of tackling a recipe; let your girl know the challenge of tackling another kid." **—Letty Pogrebin**

"I have met brave women who are exploring the outer edge of human possibility, with no history to guide them, and with a courage to make themselves vulnerable that I find moving beyond words."
—Gloria Steinem



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Phoenix Nest

The Sexist English Language

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

It is difficult to convey the immoderate delight I felt yesterday when I received the first letter addressed to me as "Chairperson of the Department of General Linguistics" of my university. This is either a long-overdue acknowledgment of the inherently male-chauvinistic nature of the English language or a confusion of gender with sex—I'm not sure which. But assuming it to be the former, I fear the change to "chairperson" is mere linguistic tokenism. Therefore, I propose the formation of a Presidential Commission on Wo-persons' Linguistic Rights to take affirmative action in redesigning the English language so that it reflects more accurately the ideals of our great nation.

First, the names of vocations must be revised. The word *man* should be recognized for the prejudiced word it is and outlawed completely when it appears as part of the name of a vocation. Fires should be extinguished by fire-persons, police-persons should direct traffic, and milk-persons should deliver the milk. Wo-persons should never be asked to complain to a *MANager*, since *person-ager* is obviously a more fitting term. Baseball announcers should be required by law to describe an infield grounder as being thrown to the first base-person for the put-out.

A second step would certainly have to be an editing of the great literary monuments, which we have come to recognize as citadels of sexist propaganda. For a start, may I suggest:

The Post-person Always Rings Twice
A Person for All Seasons
Death of a Sales-person
The Ice-person Cometh
The Road to Person-dalay

From literature, the commission should move on to geography. It must not be misled by the fact that in some words the syllable *man* does not mean adult hu-person male. The accidental appearance of the word, though more subtle, is just as evil. This is true of place names, which must be modernized. The commission may wish to ask the cooperation of the Department of State to determine means of decreasing foreign aid to those countries that do not comply with gentlepersonly requests for nominal improvement. The capital of Jordan must henceforth be known as Amperson, and the capital of the Philippines as Personila. The famous British newspaper will become the Personchester *Guardian*, and one city on the Continent must become Personnheim, Ger-persony.

The more one considers language, the more one realizes the size of the job that needs to be done. But a carefully selected commission will, I am sure, be equal to the task, even if the President has to appoint Persondrake the Magician as chairperson.

Edward Anthony

SMASHED SUNDAY
(SOHO)

Arriving guests on being introduced
Behave as if they just had been
seduced.
Their smiles are tentative,
uncircumcised,
Each face a question mark, unrealized.
(The host pours gin and wine in
cylinders
And catalogs his victims as he stirs.
A pants and coat with butler tucked
inside
Looks as if he had very lately died.)
A piano with a little man attached,
By brassy horn and violin is matched.
Two tongues in every mouth fling
words aloft,
Sporadic punctuation marks are
coughed.
As cigarette haze turns the air to blue,
Old Father Time, with sickle, pages
you.
Only the fools were wise enough to
leave,
The others all were eaten, we believe.

Joseph Francis Murphy

RHYMES & DITTIES
FOR MIDDLE-SIZED CITIES
Miami Beach

No lovesongs call me near
though mating dances flash
their fancy tassels, twirled
by strange, gyrating
night-migrating birds.
The only banker in the world
who isn't here
is one who said he heard
the mermaids singing each to each.
I do not think he listened
from this beach.

Alan Van Dine

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders, and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

QUALITY ALL SEASON recreational, rural properties: Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Free Brochure. Box G-84.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $90 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

LAND AND RURAL PROPERTY in northwestern Vermont. Robert Marlowe, Realtor, 114 North Main Street, St. Albans, Vermont 05478. 802-524-6586.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MEN-WOMEN NEEDED NOW to fill out income tax forms at home. We show you how. Simple, easy to learn. $700 per month earnings possible. Details mailed free. No salesmen. Hurry. Federated Tax Service, 2086 Montrose, Chicago, 60618.

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CAMPS

JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

ADVENTURE NORTH—A canoe base north of Dryden, Ontario, designed to give the teenage young man an experience in wilderness living stressing skills nurturing self-reliance, leadership and environmental awareness. Lance Robinson, Box 5, Lac du Flambeau, Wisconsin 54538.

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HOLIDAY IN FRENCH—June-August. Young male Parisian teachers. Healthy, sunny San Juan Islands. Institut Francile-Canoe Island Camps, Director Warren Austin, M.D., Madrona Inn, Orcas Island, Eastsound, Washington 98245.

DEER RUN NORTH—Northern Maine. Wilderness, whitewater, canoe, kayak camp. Coed—all learning levels. Peterborough, N.H. 603-924-3859.

(Continued on page 82)

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(Continued from page 81)

CAMPS

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Investigate Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. 26th summer. Unregimented ranch/travel program. Boys, girls 13-17. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

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RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

LITTLE DIX BAY, VIRGIN GORDA. British Virgin Islands. There is still a place where you can enjoy true peace, relaxation and an utterly unspoiled environment, combined with the quiet luxury of fine resort living.

AT LITTLE DIX BAY, nature's on your side and so are we. Around a crescent bay, green mountains sweep down to a powdery white sand beach and turquoise, transparent waters. Accommodations are secluded, informal yet supremely comfortable: cone-topped cottages, or spacious rooms with patios and gorgeous views. From the main pavilion, see pelicans diving and the Caribbean gold of the sunsets.

ALL WATER SPORTS—use of sailboats, snorkel masks, fins, water skis, and water taxis to nearby cays and beaches—are free: included in our rates. So is tennis. The snorkeling and scuba-diving are among the finest in the world.

THE CLIMATE IS FANTASTIC: sunny, beautiful, cooled year round by the trade winds. With our lower summer rates, May 1st-November 1st, we get $35 per day per person double, including all meals. For a brochure or reservations see your travel agent, or call or write Resort Representation, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, New York, N.Y. 10020. Tel. 212-245-8055; Chicago 312-372-4489; Washington, D.C., 202-347-4951; represented in the West by Glen W. Fawcett.

OPERATED BY Rockresorts, Inc.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY). Savor peaceful wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $50. Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

COME AWAY—breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Brochure. 207-646-5662. Mr./Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

GRAND CANYON RIVER TOURS in single raft. Three days $295, six days $395, eight days $485. Limit 10 to party. Skilled boatman and helper for personal attention. Only outfitter with long-term Park Service contract and helicopter into canyon. Fort Lee Company, Dept. SR, P.O. Box 2103, Lee's Ferry, Marble Canyon, Arizona 86036. Phone 602-645-3111.

VACATIONS

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JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn. 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR, Vermont lake. ADULTS: bungalows (fireplace, bath). All meals or housekeeping. Canoeing. Sailing. Tennis. Near golf, Dartmouth, White Mountains. CAMPERS (2 years through 12): "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Swimming. Boating. Pony. Climbing. Crafts. Cookouts. Square Dancing. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

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FRIENDLY, MARRIED FRENCH COUPLE welcomes guests modern villa. Superb cuisine, worldwide renowned prehistoric, medieval, gastronomic Perigord countryside. $149 week single, $250 couple. Berbichatras, 19 Objat, France.

ESCAPE crowds, tension, pollution, newspapers and hotel-itis. Come to our little Caribbean island and relax. Simple comforts, good food, wine, beach, clear water and cooling trade winds. Bring a book and unwind. 20 miles but light years from St. Thomas. MARINA CAY, Tortola, British Virgin Islands. Brochure.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

NEW SWISS CHALETS, completely furnished, electric kitchen, carpeted, 2 bedrooms, full bath, fireplace, beautiful view. $125 week. Alpina, RFD, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

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BUCKS COUNTY — If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

RELAX IN SAN FRANCISCO? Yes! At Cecil Hotel, 1 block from Union Square. Courtesy coffee, sundeck, ping-pong, enclosed pool nearby. Family rates. Write for brochure, 545 Post Street, San Francisco, 94102. 415-673-3733.

CAMDEN, MAINE—A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Windjammer cruises, lobster boats or just quiet contemplation. WHITEHALL INN has reflected this magic since 1902. A historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits. June opening. A.P., M.A.P. Write Box SR, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

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FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE MOUNTAINS! A luxurious family retreat surrounded by White Mountain National Forest. Continental cuisine, select wines. Play tennis, swim, fish, hike, climb and golf nearby or browse in village shops and galleries. $14-$25 p.p., M.A.P., double occupancy. Housekeeping condominiums by day or month. Dana Place, P.O. 95-1, Jackson, N.H. 03846. 603-383-6822.

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THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

JOHNNY APPLESEED FAMILY WORKSHOP: wholesome, creative vacation for parents and children . . . and reasonable too! 50 Lincoln Avenue, Eastchester, N.Y. 10707.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

VACATIONS

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, actively, lazily, musically at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts 01240, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send all, yes.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine, In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

UP-ISLAND ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages (nonhousekeeping). $15 to $21 daily per person includes hearty New England breakfasts, Lobster Cookout Tuesday, bountiful Sunday Night Buffet. Special rates May 27th-June 16th and September 10th-30th. Booklet. O. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager. 617-645-2521. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

SPECTACULAR SEASCAPE VIEWS overlooking the broad Atlantic. A distinguished resort on expansive, landscaped grounds. Broad lawns, flowers, big swimming pool, professional putting green. Social season mid-June to Labor Day—concerts, dinner dances. Near Playhouse and Art Galleries. Modified American and European Plans. Motor inn, cottages, efficiencies mid-May to mid-October. The Lookout Resort, Box 11, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

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VACATIONS

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

By Thomas M. Middleton

No. 1992

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Irish-English philosopher (1685-1753) who said, "Esse est percipi"	38 53 67 162 169 175 184 136
B. Harsh, stern	54 88 147 13 116 137 154 29
C. Completely dependable	62 98 126 160 180 10 33 46 77
D. Temperate; land mass	102 121 134 141 164 130 21 14 25
E. Surname of Benét's "Bull Run Jack" in "John Brown's Body"	37 100 118 167 176 84
F. Moses' father-in-law (Ex. 3:1)	27 47 79 85 104 153
G. Gr. hero of the Trojan War; Sophocles play	133 73 89 177
H. "Teach us to bear the _____." (3 wds.; Kipling, "The Children's Song")	16 43 42 140 50 63 6 74 28 92 124
I. Moved lightly and swiftly, as a bird	58 119 129 158 170 3 12
J. Track down (3 wds.)	94 138 157 59 17 49 127 165 181 2
K. On behalf of (4 wds.)	64 106 112 132 142 41 178 55 91 83 96
L. Ger. bacteriologist (1854-1915) co-winner 1908 Nobel Prize in physiology and medicine	111 152 173 32 40 131 23
M. "But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, / Walks o'er the _____ yon high eastward hill," says Horatio. (2 wds., "Hamlet")	87 101 4 81 44
N. Marked with spots of different colors	148 105 115 159 179 20 135
O. Sp. town, center of rich mercury-mining region	5 36 90 9 156 172 110
P. Nonentities	114 18 39 143 7 22 76 86 108
Q. City on the Oder; former capital of Pomerania	151 35 174 80 8 117 146
R. Worked or shaped with an implement	166 78 125 144 99 82
S. Eng. painter (1787-1849; "Combat", "The Three Graces")	93 103 123 48
T. He became P.M. of England in 1945	24 34 70 183 61 113
U. It. novelist, author of "La Romana"	171 95 139 45 65 120 97
V. Unavailing	75 57 109 182 161 69 56 26
W. Concerning	31 128 66 122 15
X. USLTA Men's Single champion, 1920-25, 1929	52 107 155 163 72 51
Y. Bails out (3 wds.)	71 145 1 19 30 60 149 68 150 168 11

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

		1 Y	2 J	3 I		4 M	5 O	6 H		7 P		8 Q	9 O	10 C	11 Y								
12 I	13 B	14 D	15 W		16 H	17 J	18 P		19 Y	20 N	21 D		22 P	23 L	24 T	25 D							
26 V		27 F	28 H	29 B	30 Y		31 W		32 L	33 C	34 T	35 Q	36 O	37 E		38 A							
39 P	40 L	41 K	42 H		43 H	44 M		45 U	46 C		47 F	48 S	49 J		50 H	51 X							
	52 X	53 A	54 B	55 K	56 V		57 V	58 I		59 J	60 Y	61 T		62 C	63 H	64 K							
65 U	66 W	67 A	68 Y	69 V		70 T	71 Y	72 X		73 G	74 H	75 V		76 P		77 C							
78 R	79 F		80 Q	81 M		82 R	83 K		84 E	85 F	86 P		87 M	88 B	89 G	90 O							
91 K	92 H	93 S	94 J		95 U	96 K		97 U	98 C		99 R	100 E	101 M	102 D	103 S	104 F							
105 N	106 K		107 X	108 P		109 V	110 O	111 L		112 K	113 T	114 P	—	115 N	116 B	117 Q							
118 E	119 I	120 U	121 D	122 W	123 S	124 H		125 R	126 C		127 J	128 W		129 I	130 D	131 L							
132 K		133 G	134 D	135 N		136 A	137 B	138 J	139 U	140 H		141 D	142 K	143 P	144 R	145 Y							
146 Q	147 B		148 N	149 Y		150 Y		151 Q	152 L	153 F	154 B	155 X	156 O	157 J	158 I								
159 N	160 C	161 V	162 A		163 X	164 D	165 J	166 R	167 E		168 Y	169 A	170 I		171 U	172 O							
	173 L	174 Q	175 A	176 E	177 G		178 K		179 N	180 C	181 J	182 V	183 T	184 A									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 63 of this issue.

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One sure way to a woman's heart is through Paris. And we feel pretty good if we can help make it happen by telephone.

So we're forever searching for new and better ways to make telephone products.

For example, we've developed ways to use magnetism to help us make, move and test tiny electronic components. Magnets hold them in place. Prevent damage. And help reduce costs.

We're Western Electric – at the heart of the Bell System. And magnetism is one of many ways we've found to draw people closer.

Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.

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The real

The lifeblood of our technological civilization is energy from fossil fuels. But easily accessible domestic reserves continue to diminish as demand steadily increases.

Man must perfect techniques to extract from nature's abundance greater quantities of supplemental energy. Perhaps giant satellite solar cells; perhaps proven safe atomic fission. Or perhaps he will be encouraged to seek greater yield from known natural reserves and synthetics without disturbing either the ecology or the economy.

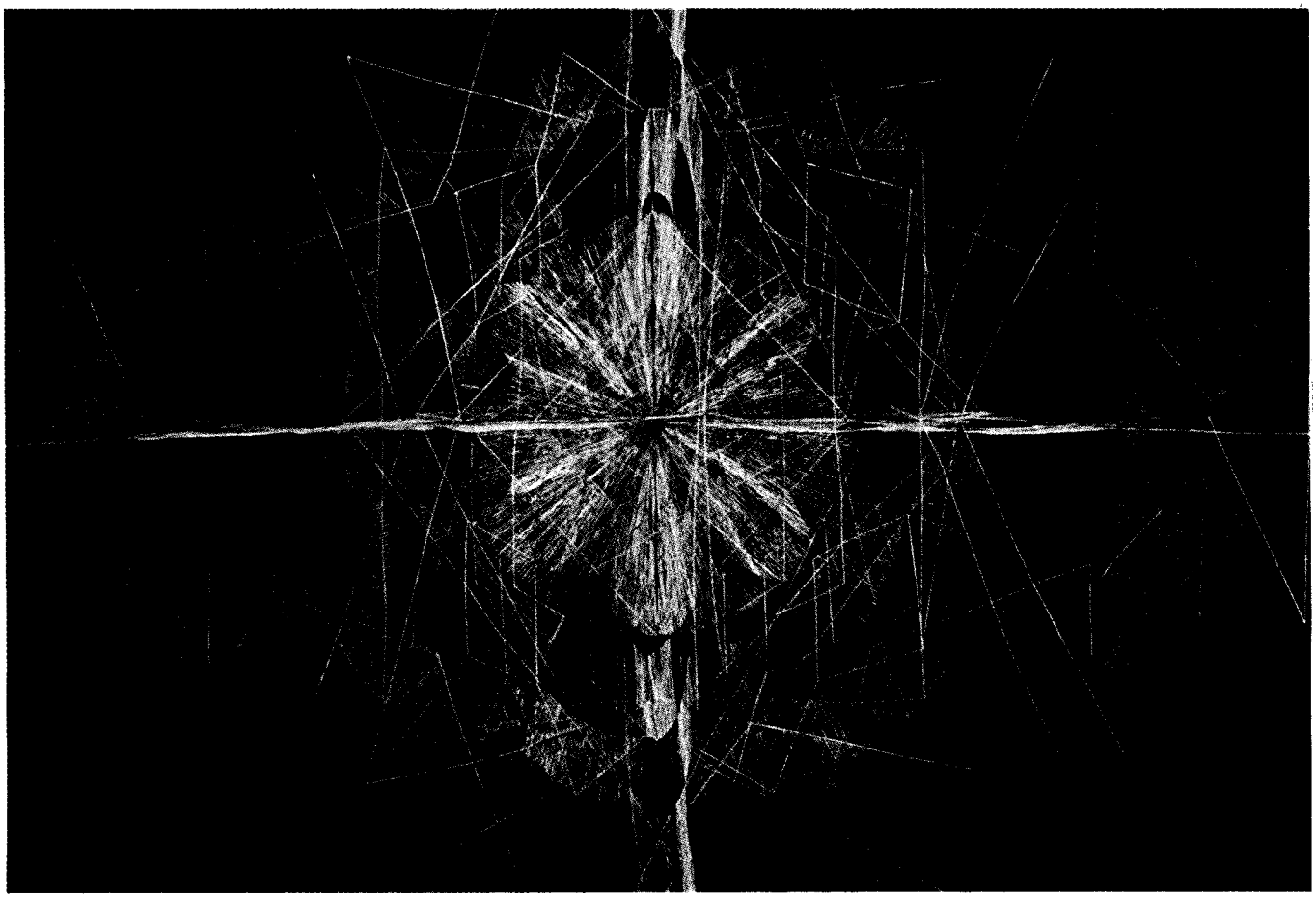
Whatever the answers, they must be found while we still have the energy to find them.

The ideal

A practical way to harness the pure, clean force of the sun, source of every energy form man has ever known.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

artist: lippold The Metropolitan Museum of Art



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